THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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RETURNING SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

Along the vale and hill
  Spring weaves her carpet green,
And pansies with a golden heart,
Sweet pinks and crocuses, upstart
  Among the emerald sheen.

On bough, and shrub, and branch
  Light puffings now appear;
How faint and delicate their hues,—
But warmed with sun and wet with dews,
  They'll darken with the year.

Slow gliding through the glen,
  From icy bondage free,
The brook its blue insertion lays
Where fern with drooping willow plays
  In merriment and glee.

The woods, from morn till eve,
  Are choral with the song
The hardy blackbird gayly sings;
The air is stirred with glancing wings,
  Which dart in haste along.

Beyond the quiet glade,
  Where rabbits love to rest,
The grapevine o'er a hawthorn creeps,
Within whose sheltered bosom sleeps
  A linnet's tiny nest.

O season of the heart,
  Sweet vernal, budding spring,
Requicken with inspiring breath
This soul from lethargy and death
  Which sin can o'er it fling.

Cast off thy withered leaves,
  Sad spirit! winter's past;
Put thy awaiting raiment on,
And reawake thy love for One
  Who loves thee first and last.

Memphis, Mo.

ELGARDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

PART II.

The family circle met at breakfast, no member of it looking pleased or happy, save Thornton. His face wore a laughing, triumphant expression much at variance with Earle's silence, Elgarde's haughtiness and Sir Falcon's evident displeasure. The old gentleman bent upon the young stranger when she entered and took her place at the table, a look of angry reproof which quickened her blood to resentment, but gave her no opportunity to relieve the excited feelings within her by uttering a word of reproach. He had denied her when she knocked at the door of his study for a morning salutation, afterwards passing her in the hall without deigning to look at her when she would have approached him. Thus a breach was made at once in the friendly relation so lately established—a breach which she felt could not easily be healed, as she sat pondering sadly behind the great old-fashioned silver coffee urn which almost concealed her slight figure. Sir Falcon never once spoke during the meal. Thornton indulged in a few trivial remarks to which Elgarde replied with great effort, but Earle remained as mute as if words were strangers to his lips, his fair brow troubled, and the whole expression of his features inexpressibly sad.

It was late in the day before the cousins met again to exchange words. Elgarde sauntered into the library in lonely restlessness, and found Earle reclining in a window, a book open before him, but his eyes shaded with one delicate hand seemingly in deep thought.

She went to his side silently, and laid her hand upon his hair. He looked up at her with a faint smile.

"Have you come at last, Birdie? I am glad of it. How lonely this day has been!" and he sighed heavily.

"Yes, a dreary, dreary day for all the sunshine. Is it always so here? Do the days go by, one by one, so silently in this great castle-like mansion? If so I shall surely pine to death."

"Why have you kept yourself so closely shut up in your chamber?"

"Because I must if I am to please Uncle Falcon, and for your sake, as well as mine, I would gain some influence over him. Earle, is not our uncle very tyrannical?"

"He is exacting. If you please him you must observe all his whims, and they are not few or pleasant. I fear you will never do it, for you are too spirited and self-willed yourself. You will never brook tamely half his demands."

"Ah, I know what you think—that I have no self-control. Had Thornton said this, I should have grown angry. As it is you who say it, I will be forbearing, and if he has any love to win, Uncle Falcon shall love me. Without it, I can never live under this roof, for they will either drive you from me, or me from you, till we are as wholly apart as if a wide space lay between us. I mean our persons. In spirit, as I told you last night, we shall never be separated. All day I have felt the loneliness and sadness which has oppressed you. You have suffered keenly, and it is for my sake. You sorrow to think that a life so young and fresh should be immured in a living tomb—isolated from every congenial association. Is it not true, cousin mine?"

"True as the shadow of my own thought, Garde. By what power do you read me so surely?"

"Sympathetic—which is the truest and best of all inherent powers."

Her hand still lingered on his hair, her eyes fixed dreamily upon the distant stretch of sands skirting the beach. He reached up—imprisoned the little hand and drew her down beside him.

"Sit, Garde, and rest awhile. Sir Falcon is sleeping, and Thornton is out with his gun for an hour's sport in the fields. We have this time to ourselves."

"How shall we employ it?"

"In talking, if you will; or if you prefer it, I will read for you."

"Then read please—what you like best."

He lifted the book upon his knees, turned to a passage marked, and well worn with use, from which he read of martyred heroes borne unflinchingly to their death for the Truth's sake. His voice was rich and sweet, and as he read his eye kindled, his pale cheeks flushed. Elgarde watched and listened with parted lips, her little heart fluttering with a nameless fear deepening with each warm breath sweeping past her cheek as his tongue gave voice to the thrilling story.

"Oh, Earle, hush!" she cried at last, catching the book from his hand. "I cannot bear to hear you read that way. It makes me afraid."

"Little cousin, why?" looking deep into her eyes. She shuddered.

"Would you be a martyr, Earle?"

"For the sake of Truth if need be—yes!"

"But there is no need, and you shall not sacrifice yourself needlessly," with half passionate vehemence.

"No, I will not," in a quiet, serious tone. "The boon was bestowed for better uses than vain sacrifice—e'en to work out good, Elgarde. Trust me to preserve my life as His best and richest gift. I shall not throw it aside heedlessly."

"What are you going to do, Earle?"

He laughed lightly.

"If I tell you, you will be astonished—perhaps disgusted."

"Try me."

"Well, I am going to be a doctor, Garde," and his beautiful eyes now probed the depths of her own, dancing with mirth. She answered his expectation by a stare of profound wonder.

"What for—what need? You have a fortune and a title in prospective. I cannot see the wisdom of your choice."

"Garde, my heart yearns to do some good for my kind, and an inert life will not satisfy me. I have no especial calling to the ministry, and should not succeed as a minister. Better men than I could ever be should take upon themselves the great and sacred responsibility of His name. But in my way I may serve, and serve well. I should glory in the toil which day by day should make a warm place for me in some grateful heart. To see languid eyes kindle at my coming, and to hear feeble lips murmur thanks would be reward enough. I can think of nothing nobler than such a life of active good."

"But oh, Earle, how could you bear to dabble in those nauseous doses of medicine; and to be called up in the night through storms of rain and snow, braving it all to see somebody as well perhaps as yourself? This is often a physician's experience."

Earle laughed again at her tone of horror.

"To be sure, Elfin. No path is so fair that some thorns and thistles may not grow among the flowers. That which involves no sacrifice of ease and comfort would bring little pleasure to me. Self-sacrifice is a species of martyrdom, even when it spares life—a sacrifice of those things which cost us much of strength and endurance."

"There is the exposure of life in contact with dangerous diseases," meditated Elgarde. "To die thus would be martyrdom."

"I think not, but to stretch forth a helping hand and save fellow beings from the grave is glorious. Least of all things a physician's services are appreciated; but purest of all joys must be his in knowing what he does. Down to the level of suffering humanity he stoops fearlessly if his heart is in his work; and the rich and poor alike feel his saving power. If I make any distinction in the kindly treatment of persons when I come to practice the profession it will be in favor of the lowly ones. It is to them, with their meagre joys and comforts, my sympathies flow warmest."

"And yet I think the poor, on the whole, are the happiest. Tastes, uncultivated, know no disappointments—wants unknown bring no discontent. I have envied, many and many a time, the little ragged children playing happily within sight of my convent window, from which I looked as from a prison cell, longing for the free glad sunlight, and a little freedom to enjoy it. Bound up in conventionalisms, made to move and speak by rule, my life bids fair to prove anything but happy, if I cannot break the icy bonds and free myself from the galling fetters. I would almost prefer to be a beggar than what I am."

"Elgarde, you speak with the passion of a strong self-will. Despise not God's gifts, and the wisdom that placed you where you are. Your lot may be one of the truest and brightest. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Whatever else may come to you, it is in your power to help the less fortunate, and in charities you may seek refuge from the many ills that will doubtless beset you. Go among the lowly ones around us here, and be their 'good angel,' as you may be mine. There is no life created but to some purpose. You will not let yours fall aimless."

"But will they let me?" she queried wistfully.

"I fancy you will manage to have your own way whether they choose or not," smiled Earle quaintly. "You have declared it."

"How?"

"In many ways. You will win Uncle Falcon to love you, and if that is done, all is easy. You will do whatsoever you please."

"You say that as if you doubted my success. But I will! I will! I tell you, Earle Broadbent, I will make that proud old man love me," and she sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing. "I will love him so much that he will be forced to yield a return. I will bind myself to his wishes, though they gall me to frenzy, till he is won. Why not? I am young and full of love. In a thousand ways I can make his happiness, and he is old, tottering on in loneliness to his grave. Oh! Earle," and her sweet voice softened and thrilled through her listener, "I thought about him so much to-day, in spite of the anger his unreasonableness aroused, and my heart melted into pity, even tenderness. I know that I am a fiery, faulty little thing, but I have a heart great and warm with humane feeling. His gray hairs subdue me; his lonely life fills me with compassion. Think of the great love of a strong, earnest man, all thrown back upon himself, while another takes the fairest and loveliest of beings to his heart in the face of his anguish. To Uncle Falcon I will be tender and forbearing, taming myself down, even to his most unreasonable demands, that his last days may be brighter. Earle, if you or I should be shut up for years and years in a dark room, till death came to release us, how glad we should feel to have some kindly hand throw open the prison door that Heaven's light might beam upon us in dying. Shall I not shed the light of a pure love upon him in soothing, before he walks down to the "dividing waters" which roll between us and Eternity?"

"Yes, sweet Elgarde. Follow the promptings of your own noble heart. It is even thus I have felt—still feel; but I am powerless. Fate seals the door of his heart to me, and I may not enter; but go you, beautiful ministrant. You cannot fail to win access, and melt with your own matchless warmth the frozen fountains of the old man's heart. I thought last night that he spoke as one athirst for living waters. Give him the cup freely, little one, even if his withered hand stretches itself to put it away in his pride. He will melt and bow to the draught finally, and a 'little child shall lead him.'"

His face was aglow with the light that flushed hers, and he stood up at her side, gazing into the deep eyes, alive with a holiness of purpose which made them more beautiful than ever. Unconsciously they moved toward a window, where the sunbeams stole through the curtains and fell athwart their hair like a halo, as they paused with hands clasped, earnestly regarding each other. At that moment Thornton paused upon the threshold, gave a low whistle which startled them, and turning upon his heel, marched off to his own room.

Brought thus suddenly back to the consciousness of that which was most unpleasant, the light fled from both faces simultaneously, leaving them troubled and dark. Without a word, Earle bent to leave a soft kiss upon her little hand, and then left the library, while Elgarde sought her own chamber.

Nothing could turn Elgarde from a fixed purpose, and having once determined to win her uncle's affection, no effort should be left untried. While dressing for dinner, her thoughts were so absorbed in her good intentions, that she appealed to Ninon to know what colors he loved best.

"White for the summer, lighted up with vivid colors," was the response. "I know it by having to choose my lady's toilette for him when she expected his visits before her marriage with Lord Ellington. She was my former mistress, and your uncle's god-daughter. Her style was like yours—black hair and eyes, with a color that came and went as yours does when you are angry."

Elgarde read this upon the little tablets Ninon used, while the maid was dressing her hair.

"Has she learned to read me already?" was the young girl's thought. "Then, indeed, must I learn to put upon myself a stern watch, else I shall foil my own wishes."

Sir Falcon was seated in his favorite chair, lazily watching a little humming-bird as she tested the sweets of a honeysuckle outside of the window, when an airy vision floated into the room, all white and scarlet. The folds of the light gossamer dress flowed cloudlike around the slender figure, confined at the waist by a floating scarlet sash. At the throat was a simple spray of scarlet geranium, with a knot of the same brilliant flowers twisted into the purple blackness of her hair. A fitful color ebbed and flowed in her cheeks; her eyes were deep and tender.

In a moment, an ottoman was rolled to his side, and the fairy vision, seated upon it, leaned against him, the tender eyes uplifted.

"Uncle Falcon, I am not happy, because I fear that in the very dawn of my existence here I have offended you. I did not mean it, and I do wish to please you. Teach me how. Last night you told me I might love you if I would, and I can do it. But unless you tell me your wishes, I shall not know how to make your happiness, as I so earnestly wish to do. I am an impulsive, wilfull girl, and unless guided by some fixed principle to a good end, am apt to run into mischief. What would you have me do?"

Her earnest gravity melted him to smiles.

"You have the merit of frankness, and there is truth upon your face, Elgarde. Are you as patient as you are frank and truthful? If so, I can trust you to humor an old man's whims."

"I said but now I am impulsive, yet I can be patient if it will make you happy, and win you to love me. Uncle Falcon, I have been such a lonely little girl all my life—isolated from every kindred thing, that I pine for affection. Give me a share of tenderness with those already dear to you, and I will do your will solely, as far as lies in my power."

Her beautiful face, uplifted in its wistful pleading, touched him sensibly, but his only sign was in a grave look when placing his hand on her shining hair.

"You have only to be less of a child, and more of a woman, then, Elgarde. The pride of womanhood should endow you with dignity befitting your beauty and position. No niece or kin of mine can win favor, with wild ways and boydenish racings over the country before other people are yet awake. You understand me?"

"Yes, sir," with a sigh for the sunshine and fresh air her own hand was slowly shutting from her sight.

"It is not very dignified to race, I know; but the air was so fresh and sweet with the odor of flowers; and it was so glorious to see the sun rise from the waters, laughing and dimpling under his kiss, I was tempted. I suppose I shall get used to it after a while, and not care so much. But you don't know what emancipation means, because you have not spent your life in a prison. This is my only excuse. I will try not to offend again."

The sweet childishness of tone and manner would have melted any other heart than Sir Falcon's. A child of Nature pleading the filial love with every look of the earnest eyes, every cadence of the sweet voice, yet for the sake of a human love, hard to win, and fleeting as summer shadows, turning voluntarily from the beloved bosom of the wide beautiful earth, to stand in the gloom and chill of an iceberg! He saw the sacrifice, and a keen sense of pleasure crept within him, but still he gave no sign. The full sweetness lay in the difficulty of her achievement. The years which had crowned him with the snows of declining life, should have softened him to a susceptibility to gentleness rather than power; but the ruling passion of his existence since that sorrowful scene under Italian skies, was strong upon him now, and he rejoiced in that which he held over this sweet young life, knowing that he could bend it to his will, or embitter it forever. Seeing her willingness to submit he would wield it mercilessly.

No one will claim this to be an improbable trait, however unnatural. Disappointments so warp the nature of men as to make them callous to human feeling. Had Elgarde been less lovable in her graceful ways and sparkling beauty, her fate must indeed have been a hard one. But she was destined to win sooner than she had hoped, though many a bitter trial of patience and affection waited her in the task.

As the time sped on, Elgarde pursued her object untiringly, Earle and Thornton spectators, each watching her progress with different feelings. Earle's were of anxiety and eagerness, while Thornton was only amused with what he deemed an impossibility. That the "Butterfly" could ever win a deeper feeling than himself, never came into his thoughts, so he gave himself no trouble about it. In the quiet routine of life forced upon him at the mansion, it was a relief to see her gliding about, taming herself down to a demeanor foreign to her nature; robing herself with all the care of a mistress anxious to please a lover, and in everyway, striving to please Sir Falcon beyond all others.

If he was out, she would watch for his return and meet him with the most bewitching exhibitions of delight. If he chose to sleep in his chair, her hand fanned him. His favorite book she read aloud; his favorite songs were always at hand to be sung when he wished it. Before he was aware of the truth, she had made herself so necessary to his comfort, that he could not bear to have her beyond reach of his voice for an hour. In her earnestness of purpose, she had forced herself upon him and grew into his very life, as a part of it, bending him at length to her will as he had bent her to his own.

As his love for her increased, the influence she had gained over him grew in proportion, and as that influence became fixed and powerful, all the tact of the woman in her nature was used to draw Earle within the charmed circle. Sir Falcon softened and bent to the young man in spite of his efforts to resist, while Earle in his tenderness and nobility of soul, yielded up sympathy and reverence until the two sentiments united and bound him to the old man in devoted affection.

Earle sauntered among the flowers one day near the close of summer, inhaling the sweet, faint odors from showering rose-leaves, when Elgarde came to his side, her bright face radiant with some new delight.

"I know something that will please you, cousin mine," she said, looking at him archly. "Shall I tell you now?"

"At once."

"Uncle Falcon consents to your wish to become a physician. I have talked to him for an hour or more, combatting his pride with your nobler principles until he has yielded. If you choose to adopt the profession now, he will not object."

Earle's eyes were humid.

"Elfin, you can do what no other human being ever did in this place, and you have made it a little Eden, with your bright, angelic presence. Words are tame to express all you make me feel. For me you have obtained the dearest wish of my heart, and I bless you for it. Not yet had I dared to hint what has so long been uppermost in my mind. His pride stood between us, and I know that he would refuse the more readily because of my being his rival brother's son. In this, his pride was morbidly tenacious, and Thornton had nearly offended him beyond reparation by negotiating for me, in this pet project."

"Then Thornton tried to win his permission, did he?" asked Elgarde, quickly.

"Yes, about a year ago?"

"Has he no pride in the matter?"

"I presume not. He said nothing to me about it."

"Well, Earle, I have an idea that there was *something* in it, and it may be he wanted to get you out of his way."

"I think not. He could not fear any influence of mine over Uncle Falcon. Don't be unjust to Thornton, Elfin."

"No;" and a strange little smile curled the pretty lip. "You need not fear me, Earle. I shall do Thornton Meade ample justice in all things. But I have a favor to ask of you now in return for what I have done. Will you grant it?"

"Yes, unconditionally."

"Oh, Earle, you are good! Thank you. My request is, that you make no use of your permission until I say you may. Trust me, dear cousin. I have reasons for wishing this which are good, and I cannot have you go away from here now."

"Will you not explain, Garde?"

She drooped her head slightly, a faint blush tinging her cheek.

"I may be foolish, but to be frank, I am afraid of Thornton. Lately he seeks me so pertinaciously I can scarcely rid myself of him, as you may have noticed. His manner has changed perceptibly, and where he once seemed delighted to annoy and make me angry, he is only solicitous to please. What am I to think of this?"

Earle's brow was dark.

"I cannot answer you, Elgarde. A long time ago, I had a thought with regard to the matter, but since you came, it has passed away. I once believed that you were destined to wed our cousin Thornton."

"Impossible!" with an imperial toss of the proud little head. "No one has a right to dispose of me thus, where the whole future may be blackened forever by the unfitness of the disposal. And to *him*—never! never will I be given!"

"Hush! That was what I thought in times long gone. Since you came, it was all dispelled by his manner toward you, and Uncle Falcon's seeming indifference to the matter. Thornton has behaved in a most unmanly way, and is probably ashamed of himself. Treat him kindly, Elfin. You are your own mistress, and can do as you please in matters vital to your happiness."

Her brow cleared.

"You are right. Yet there is one thing more," and again her face saddened.

"What is it?"

"I scarcely know. But it seems to me as if something strange is coming over Uncle Falcon. I have noticed it for several days—an unusual tenderness of manner, with a sort of childlike helplessness which touches me to the heart. He sits so quietly in his great chair, no one would notice it unless forced by overwhelming care to do so. But I have noticed that he staggers when he rises to walk, and wherever I move his eyes follow me so wistfully, I am loth to leave his side for a moment. I hope no ill is coming to us, Earle."

"Pray heaven no! Do not be alarmed. You know that he is very old, and must naturally grow feeble."

"Yes," she sighed, "and must naturally die! This home would be dark without him now. I cannot bear to think of it."

As they turned towards the mansion to enter it, a servant came to meet them.

"Master would speak to you at once, Miss. He is in his chamber."

Elgarde's eyes turned upon Earle's in affright.

"He is ill," she gasped, and sped away swiftly, never pausing until she reached Sir Falcon's room, where she found him supported by pillows on a sofa, with Thornton at his side. The old man's face was pale as marble, his breath labored and distressing. Elgarde was bending over him in a minute.

"Oh, uncle, you are ill! What is it?"

He smiled fondly.

"Nothing of consequence. I sometimes have fainting fits, and one has been upon me but now. I shall be better soon. Close the door, my child, and send the servants out. I want to talk to you?"

"Alone?"

"No, Thornton may stay."

"Shall I send for Earle also?"

A troubled look swept over his pallid features.

"Not now," he answered slowly. "He may come soon."

Elgarde obeyed him, closing the door upon the retreating servants. Then with a face still and pale as marble, she knelt at his side to await what he had to say.

[By mistake we announced this story to be concluded this week. It will be concluded in our next paper.]

Jottings for Summer.

We cut from Hall's Journal of Health a few words of advice, satirical and otherwise, to those who may be preparing to visit the country during the hotter months. They are very generally available, and may be at any rate profitably considered by those they do not hit too strongly:

1. In going to the country to spend your summer, leave business behind, but take with you your entire stock of patience, courtesy, self-respect, and religion. Go as plain "John Smith, gentleman."

2. If you have the first claim to be well bred, you will be the last person in the world to volunteer any information on the subject. If it must be told, let it be by your conduct; let your entire deportment prove that you are a lady or a gentleman.

3. Do not profess that you "know" Mr. Astor, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Minturn, or other distinguished citizens, when your entire knowledge consists in their having been pointed out to you on the street.

4. Avoid claiming acquaintance with this or that family of note, when you only happen to have spoken to them on a railroad car or steamboat, or in some purely business transaction. An enterprising individual once claimed that he knew a distinguished judge very well. On inquiry, it was found that the said judge had once sent him to the penitentiary.

5. If you have the first mite of common sense, and fully go to the country for recreation, enjoyment, and health, leave your best and second-best clothing at home; take only your common wardrobe, and but a small part of that; not only that the persons you "stop with" may feel more easy, but that you may feel freer yourself to scale fences, climb trees, scramble up mountain-sides, wade across creeks, penetrate forest tangles, and jump Jim Crow generally.

6. Never turn up your nose at anything at the table; if you have the slightest disposition to do so, you may be sure it is a pug, and isn't long enough to turn. If you don't like a thing, let it alone; eat nothing, and by the next meal you may be glad to get anything.

7. Remember that in going to the country a sensible man's object is neither to dress nor eat chiefly, but to obtain mental repose, pure air, and unrestrained exercise.

8. Endeavor to conform, without apparent effort, to the arrangements of the family with whom you board, and to the manners and customs of the people around you, as far as they do not compromise your principles of good morals and good taste.

9. Be cheerful, be kind, be considerate, be accommodating.

10. Do not obtrude your political or religious sentiments.

11. Shun argument and controversy on any and all subjects.

12. Let your courtesy come out naturally; and if religious, don't be a Pharisee.

Courtships and Marriages in Denmark.

A traveller tells the subjoined story:—In Denmark, where the men have not yet thought of selling their name for a woman's dowry, every marriage is what nature and morality pronounce that it ought to be everywhere—a marriage of inclination. The young man whose position is not yet assured does not, the more for that, renounce a union with a girl whose charms and innocence are her only capital. After having made—almost always in the presence of the lady's parents—the mutual avowal of their inclinations, the young man announces his matrimonial intentions, and solicits the favor of a betrothal. The parents accept, and from that moment the lovers are left completely at liberty. They go to the theatre, or out walking, unaccompanied. They are constantly together, and wait as patiently as they can for the time when the church shall bless their union. It is a very rare case indeed that the betrothed abuses the privileges allowed him. A man would be justly considered indelicate, if, after intimate acquaintance with a respectable girl, his affianced wife, he ran after other "flirtations," as the American's phrase it. Nevertheless, it must be confessed, there *are* men sufficiently careless of public opinion, and light enough, to make an amusement of these preliminaries to wedlock, which they have the boldness to say they prefer to wedlock. One old bachelor in Copenhagen was said to have been betrothed the ominous number of thirteen times. Another faithless female turtle-dove, somewhat advanced in life, was spoken of in indignant terms, because she broke off her engagement after a courtship of eighteen years. Just at the moment of a definite union, she had the audacity to ask for a little longer reflection. Subsequently she married quite a boy, without relations, advice or experience, whom she caught in his budding affections, as you take a young magpie from the nest. When she expected some manifestation of the wrath and resentment of her former sweetheart, she was not a little surprised to see him come to church and remain to witness the matrimonial rite. He pressed her hand more warmly than ever, and betrayed his secret thoughts by whispering,

"Oh, my dear madam, you don't know what a service you have rendered me."

To which the bride replied, with equal emotion,

"Ah, Henrick, I love this lad because he reminds me of what you were twenty years ago."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *nineteen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2,50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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☞ Specimen numbers will be sent on the receipt of fifteen cents, *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers, *which apply equally to* THE POST, *and to the* LADY'S FRIEND:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

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In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MOTHER! MOTHER! This story is respectfully declined.

DECIDEDLY UNFAIR.

A recent decision of the Internal Revenue Department at Washington, seems to us about as unfair as anything could possibly be.

Our readers do not understand probably the great principle upon which the decisions of controverted points often seem to be made by the Federal officers.

Supposing that a knotty question as to the interpretation of a revenue law arises, this appears to be the manner in which the subject is determined.

The question is referred to the proper officer, who, after giving it his serious consideration, finally makes up his mind what interpretation of the law would be the best for the interests of the United States.

Having decided this point, the problem becomes reduced to its simplest elements, and a wonderfully lucid argument follows, designed to prove that Uncle Samuel is justly entitled to the money in dispute.

In the case we are now particularly referring to, Judge Lewis, of the Revenue Department, has decided as follows.

A certain merchant received last year from his regular business an income of Ten thousand dollars. He also received as the result of several speculations in oil stocks, a profit of five thousand dollars more. The Government very rightly decides that he must pay an income tax on the whole amount of his profits, fifteen thousand dollars.

But another merchant, who also made Ten thousand dollars in his regular business, *lost* five thousand dollars in a speculation in oil stocks. And, like a sensible man, returns as his income for the year Five thousand dollars.

But what says the Government. Hear, oh financiers! and be astonished business men everywhere. Judge Lewis decides that his income rule shall not work both ways. He says that the merchant in question must return as his income the ten thousand dollars which he made in his regular business, and consider the loss of five thousand in his oil stock speculation, as a loss not of income but of principal.

Now it is evident to the natural sense of justice of every impartial man, that if the loss in an outside speculation should be considered a loss of capital and not of income, a gain should also be considered a gain of capital and not of income.

It makes very little difference which the government decides the gain or loss to be—principal or income—but it cannot fairly make fish of one and flesh of the other.

And we deny that it is the true interest of the government to have such absurdly unjust decisions made by its officers. It is not even to its pecuniary interest. While in a larger sense it is the greatest injury to the government.

All unfairness and selfishness on the part of a government is calculated to bring said government into contempt, and to lessen its influence with the people. No man is really a greater enemy of the proper authority of human governments than he who, acting in its name and power, decrees utter selfishness and injustice. This very decision of Judge Lewis's has probably injured the government he is serving more than all the support he has given it through the rest of his life has done it good.

For the sake of the government itself, let that ridiculous decision be reconsidered. To us personally, and in a pecuniary sense, it makes no difference. But we have already noticed the bad effect of this decision upon even very loyal men. Of course the courts will ultimately decide that such a ruling cannot stand, but in the meanwhile it will give rise to much hard feeling, and very probably to many false statements, if not to many perjuries. The Income Tax is a very annoying one in its best estate, and therefore the officers of the government should strive, while maintaining the proper rights of the treasury, not to make it odious even to loyal men by such ridiculous and unfair interpretations.

MR. TRAIN'S LECTURE.

Mr. Train delivered a lecture on Friday evening May 12th, at the Academy of Music, professing to be an eulogy on President Lincoln. What he did say of the President was good, embodying in the address a sincere appreciation of the qualities of the dead, to which probably the late event of his assassination only could have given birth. Yet we must do Mr. Train the justice to say, that whatever in the past he may have allowed himself to say against Mr. Lincoln, his acknowledgment of the wrong done him was so manly and frank, it could not fail to impress us with his sincerity, and waken an emotion of sympathy which he could not otherwise have excited.

During the course of his lecture, he gave several little anecdotes of the President's past life, new to the public. One was with regard to a duel which was to have been fought between Mr. Lincoln and General Shields. It seems that the gallant general was paying marked attention to a Mrs. Trumbell, and some wag gave publicity to the matter in a satirical poem. Shields felt himself called upon to resent it, and set about searching for the author. It so happened the author was a friend of Mr. Lincoln's, and in the extremity of his fright, came to him to know what he should do. The answer was prompt and simple. "I will assume the responsibility of the authorship," which he did. General Shields sent a challenge, and the time and place were fixed. On the morning appointed, the parties repaired to Alton, Mr. Lincoln first upon the ground, when just as the affair was about to terminate seriously, a friend of Mr. Lincoln's to whose ears news had gone, rushed in upon them and stopped the proceedings by declaring that Mr. Lincoln had nothing whatever to do with the matter. When it was all explained, Shields and Lincoln shook hands in the most friendly fashion and repaired to their homes.

Mr. Train followed his eulogy of the President with various subjects. A little of Andy Johnson; a little of the Pacific Railroad; a little about Europe, and a good deal about America. He contends for American rights; declares it disgraceful to toady to England in everything. Insists upon shutting off free trade, manufacturing our own goods of all kinds, speaking the *American* language instead of the English, and as a finale to toadyism with England, imitate her in remaining strictly *neutral*.

The address was spiced throughout with flashes of humor and wit, and embellished by mannerisms eminently Trainish.

Among other things advocated by Mr. Train was the removal of the United States capital to the "centre of the nation—Fort Riley." Maximillian grew as warm in Mr. Train's hands, as the poor old negro preacher in his yellow pants of forty year's wear, filled with wasps, whom he used to illustrate Maximillian's present position. He concluded his remarks amid a storm of laughter and applause, after speaking for nearly two hours, evidently to the entire satisfaction of a large audience.

AN EXCELLENT RECEIPT.—We know the following receipt to be an excellent one for coloring wood-work—such as framed barns, garden fences, &c.:

BLUE WASH FROM COAL DUST.—Half a bushel of lime, 5 large (horse) buckets of sifted coal-dust, (not ashes,) and one flour barrel of water. Slake the lime in the barrel, and then add the coal-dust, and fill up the barrel with water. The color is a very pleasing one. Whoever tries this cheap and convenient wash will not again go to the expense of lamp-black and coloring matters from the druggists. As it is a stain, and there is very little lime to be washed off by the rain, it will last a long time.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE IN HEAVEN. There Faith is changed into Light, and Hope is passed into Blissful Fruition. By the author of "Heaven Our Home." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, author of "Historical Studies," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

LOVE AND MONEY. By J. B. JONES, author of "The Rival Belles," "Wild Western Scenes," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE LIFE AND MARTYRDOM OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE GRAVER THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Second Series. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by Ashmead & Evans and J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

SILENT STRUGGLES. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "The Wife's Secret," "Mary Derwent," "Fashion and Famine," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

SKIRMISHES AND SKETCHES. By GAIL HAMILTON. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by Ashmead & Evans, Phila.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE. By O. W. HOLMES. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, in a fine edition of blue and gold. For sale by Ashmead & Evans, Phila.

VOICES OF THE MORNING. By BELLE BUSH. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

AT ANCHOR; A STORY OF OUR CIVIL WAR. By AN AMERICAN. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., publishers.

The Battle-Field.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is there anything so terrible as the picture these few words brings to our mind? Is there anything so appaling as the great rivers of blood and the masses of human bodies crushed, mangled, dead, and dying? Imagine yourself marching onward and onward in full life and vigor—picture to yourself the dazzling magnet of glory which draws you on, causes your heart to leap with the ecstasy of victory, your pulse to cease beating and your respiration held by the force of excitement. Imagine yourself unable to speak, reason, or think of anything but the loved ones at home—happy in their unconsciousness—and of the triumph toward which you are marching, and then find yourself suddenly falling, crushed and crushing men under you, horses tramping over you, your bones sore and broken by the horses' hoofs. Think how your eyes would start from their sockets as in your agony and terror you fought the air, ground your teeth, and stifled, and moaned, and rolled from side to side for help or relief; but no help or relief. List! to the gurgling death-rattle of the dying, and the falling of the dead. List! to the terrific roaring of the cannon, the unwavering whizzing of shells pitilessly pursuing with rapidity of lightning their course of sure destruction. Horse and rider inextricably entangled, cries for help commingled with your own; but no help. Again, list to the shouts of victory; list to the ringing buzza of the pursuers and see them pressing forward with enthusiastic energy—while you are lying helpless and prevented from mingling your shouts of joy with theirs. Oh! how grand is victory! how grand is helplessness, when helplessness is caused and earned by the enthusiasm of valor! with what a glow does the half-worn frame renew its pristine vigor as the shout comes home on the air "they fly! they fly!"

Turn now to the bereaved at home, to the many widows, to the many fatherless and brotherless, to the thousands thrown upon the wide world without a protector, without a shelter. Know that the glad bells are but a death-knell to many whose souls are filled with darkness and gloom, to many who sacrificed their earthly all on the Altar of their Country. Think you? will the return of our brave heroes bring unalloyed joy to those whose brave and dear ones will never return? Oh! the misery, the wretchedness, the unspeakable loneliness is too awful to contemplate. Who is now to care for those who by their noble sacrifices so dearly bought the victory and crowned the country with peace and joy. Shall it not be our duty and pleasure to lend a helping hand to the noble work? Let us all by our individual aid endeavor to calm the aching void by keeping utter desolation and starvation from the doors of our country's martyrs. Let us all, with one accord, rise up, and with eager hands and willing hearts comfort and care for them. Let it not be said of one of us—that we have had no share in restoring peace, union, and concord to our troubled country.

CORNIE.

A Noble Enterprize.

Miss Mary E. Thropp has inaugurated a movement to organize free schools for the poor white children of Richmond, assisted by C. Thurston Chase, Esq., General Agent of the Union Commission in Richmond.

Enough of books, carefully selected by Prof. John S. Hart, will leave Philadelphia this week to start one school of a hundred pupils, through the liberality of the young ladies of Miss Mary E. Thropp's school, aided by

Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co.
J. B. Lippincott & Co.
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Mellor, Baines & Mellor.
The American Tract Society.
The American Bible Society.
And the American Sunday School Union.

Contributions, in money or books, to be sent to Miss Mary E. Thropp, 1841 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, May 8, 1865.

SOCIETY.—The pleasure of society depends more upon females than upon men. Gentlemen expect to be entertained, children are out of the question, and therefore it rests upon women what society shall be. The pleasure of an evening's entertainment is graduated by the capacity of the hostess to interest her visitors in each other, and make them forget that their own identity is to be lost in the efforts to make every one at ease. This is the great secret of true enjoyment. Some ladies will enter a drawing-room or social circle, where every person's neighbor appears like an iceberg, and the whole atmosphere is chilly and constrained, and, by their genial nature and well timed playfulness, throw sunshine and warmth all over the room, till all commingle in that easy and yet dignified cordiality that ever characterizes true gentility.

☞ The foreign journals are filled with articles of deep sympathy for America's misfortune in losing her Chief Magistrate. The Governments of England, France, Austria, Prussia, and Switzerland, have forwarded addresses of condolence to the American Government, and to Mrs. Lincoln.

THE CAPTAIN—A LEGEND OF THE NAVY.

A New Poem.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

He that only rules by terror
Doeth grievous wrong.
Deep as Hell I count his error.
Let him hear my song.

Brave the Captain was: the seamen
Made a gallant crew,
Gallant sons of English freemen,
Sailors bold and true.
But they hated his oppression,
Stern he was and rash;
So for every light transgression
Doomed them to the lash.

Day by day more harsh and cruel
Seemed the Captain's mood.
Secret wrath, like smothered fuel,
Burnt in each man's blood.
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,
Hoped to make the name
Of his vessel great in glory
Wheresoe'er he came.
So they passed by capes and islands,
Many a harbor mouth,
Sailing under palmy high lands,
Far within the South.

On a day when they were going
O'er the vast expanse,
In the North, her canvas flowing,
Rose a ship of France.
Then the Captain's color heightened,
Joyful came his speech;
But a cloudy gladness lightened
In the eyes of each.
"Chase," he said: the ship flew forward,
And the wind did blow;
Stately, lightly, went the Norward,
Till she neared the foe.

When they looked at him they hated,
Had what they desired:
Mute with folded arms they waited,
Not a gun was fired.
But they heard the foeman's thunder
Roaring out their doom;
All the air was torn in sunder,
Crashing went the boom,
Spars were splintered, decks were shattered,
Bullets fell like rain,
Over mast and deck were scattered
Blood and brains of men.
Spars were splintered; decks were broken,
Every mother's son—
Down they dropt—no word was spoken—
Each beside his gun.

On the decks, as they were lying,
Were their faces grim;
In their blood, as they lay dying,
Did they smile on him.
Those in whom he had reliance
For his noble name,
With one smile of still defiance
Sold him unto shame.
Shame and wrath his heart confounded,
Pale he turned and red,
Till himself was deadly wounded,
Falling on the dead.

Dismal error! fearful slaughter!
Years have wandered by—
Side by side beneath the water
Crew and Captain lie;
There the sun-lit ocean tosses
O'er them mouldering,
And the lonely seabird crosses
With one waft of the wing.

☞ The week preceding the evacuation of Richmond Jefferson Davis was measured for his last pair of Presidential boots. The boots were finished, but came too late on Saturday night, April 1, to be sent home, and on Sunday Mr. Davis, being pressed for time, didn't think of the travelling boots he had ordered, and departed without them. These facts coming to the knowledge of a gentleman in search of *souvenirs*, he immediately became the purchaser of the boots, which are of French calf-skin, of elegant make and finish. The purchaser of the boots desires it to be understood that although he stands in the boots of Jefferson Davis he does not assume all the responsibilities, neither political nor pecuniary.

☞ A remarkable woman died not long since at Ardross, Longhgall, Scotland. She was the relict of Thomas Clark, and prided herself upon being the mother of twenty-five children, all of whom she nursed, and never had more than one at a time.

☞ A Mary Queen of Scots cup or small vase was sold at the Pourtales sale in Paris. It was presented to Mary when she was affianced to the Dauphin. Though only a few inches high, it is exquisitely decorated, and it brought the enormous price of £1,084.

☞ A widow in Sonora, Mexico, who has 150,000 acres of land and three daughters, wants some smart Yankee to come out and marry one of the girls and superintend her farm. Who goes?

☞ A lady in Rochester tried to jump from a railroad train, the other evening, and fell between the cars. The train passed over her without injury as she lay on the ground.

☞ A juvenile glutton at Ashley Falls, Mass., recently sucked 39 eggs on a wager, and wanted to suck a dozen more for a dollar.

☞ Mr. Premchand Roychund, lately an under clerk in Bombay at a salary of $100 a year, has made a fortune of $10,000,000 in gold, since the war begun, by dealing in the native cotton. This shows that King Cotton is on his travels.

☞ Our trust in the providence of God must never slide into an indolent fatalism. One of Mahomet's followers said: "I will *unloose* my camel, and commit it to God;" on which Mahomet said: "Friend, *tie* thy camel, and commit it to God."

☞ CURE FOR HICCOUGHS.—Dr. Pretty, an English physician, claims to have found a very simple means of arresting the hiccough. It is sufficient to squeeze the wrist, preferably that of the right hand, with a piece of string, or with the forefinger and thumb of the other hand.

☞ IRON.—Iron is not imperishable. Iron houses, iron bridges, etc., must yield to the corroding touch of time. An English paper states that forty tons of iron-rust was recently scraped from the great iron tubular bridge over the Menai Straits.

☞ TOOTHWASH.—The safest, cheapest, most universally accessible, and most efficient, is a piece of white soap, with a moderately stiff tooth-brush, every morning.

☞ A bad mixture of rye and Indian—A drunken Sioux.

South American Civilization;

OR,

Glances and Glimpses at Agriculture, Arts, Architecture, Education, and Domestic Economy in Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Banda Oriental, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, and Equador, as Seen and Noted Down.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Brazilian Pests—Reptiles—Beetles—Bats—Bugs—Butterflies—Chigoes—Flies—Domestic Butchering.

While the Brazilian empire, in her wide wealth of fruits and flowers, her boundless varieties of brilliant birds and beautiful scenery, of nature's own immaculate painting, commands the spontaneous admiration of every foreigner visiting the realm, and possessing the least appreciation of the magnificence presented, in the same ratio the animal and insect pests of this South American Eden land beget the disgust, become the utter horror and detestation of every stranger remaining six months a resident of the interior regions.

Almost every individual of the reptile or insect world in Brazil, bites, stings, or in some manner wounds, and all are more inimical to man than reptiles or insects in any other portion of the habitable globe. Let us draw a few brief sketches of some of these tropical pests, exaggerating nothing, by the faintest tint of coloring.

A resident of the tropical rural regions, you retire to your couch, and, perhaps fatigued, fall into a profound, refreshing sleep. In an hour or so your slumber becomes disturbed, you grow restless, awake with an icy shiver, leap out of bed with a yell of terror, and down at your heels tumbles a semi-torpid snake, whose bite is so venomous, that had he struck his fangs into your flesh you would not have survived an hour. Chilled by the cool night air, the hideous serpent has by instinct sought the grateful warmth of your bed, and laid himself out at full length next your bare skin, as if he were your "bosom friend." Pressed upon and rolled about as roughly as you would, and during the night he would not have bitten you, and ere you were astir in the morning he would have quietly withdrawn. Come within his reach by daylight, and his poisoned fangs would be struck into your flesh like lightning. The natives declare that these venomous snakes will never, under any provocation, bite a person with whom they have once slept. I had one for a bedfellow once; but although I found him under the bed in the morning, I did not care to put his daylight friendship to the test, and am therefore unable to endorse the declaration.

Upon a sultry, enervating day, you take a fancy to have a cool, delicious bath. There is a magnificent pool of crystal water, three feet, perhaps, in depth, floored with hard, brilliant sand, with little fairy islands of beautiful aquatic plants dotting its surface, all its borders overhung with graceful tropical foliage, and enchantment woos you to the grateful bath. Disrobed, you enter the elysian pool, wading complacently towards its centre, and then directly, with a scream of terror, you splash and flounder towards the shore again. A hideous *jaguere*, bristling like a porcupine, with jaws like a man-eating shark, launches out from his lurking place under one of those tiny islets, and makes a rush at you. Avoiding the monster, you dash towards the bank, and suddenly some infernal black thing, all heads and horns, rasps through between your bare legs, lacerating the skin and flesh, as if a mad cat had been dragged over it by the tail.

Scrambling out on terra firma, in thrashing through the pendant foliage, you arouse nine millions of venomous gnats and nondescript atoms of winged pestilence, that pounce in legions upon your nakedness, biting as they alight, and blistering as they bite.

Disposed to enjoy an afternoon's out-door *siesta*, you stretch yourself out in the inviting shade of an orange grove, fall asleep, and inaugurate a glorious dream of another Eden. Directly "a change comes over the spirit of your dream," and starting on end, wide awake, you find clinging to the end of your nose a great red abomination, a fair cross between a land-crab, hornet and caterpillar. With two long legs, terminating in curved points as hard as steel, he has hooked into your nether lip to steady himself, while he holds securely to the tip of your nose with two stout claws like a juvenile lobster's, and thus attached, he is exploring your nostril with a long, hairy attenu, tickling you almost into a shout of laughter, while you are absolutely shuddering with horror.

A huge old scorpion of the regular hard-shell persuasion, has made an excursion up the leg of your pantaloons, and becoming somehow entangled and enraged, is walloping about in his prison, and stinging you at the rate of forty times a minute.

Your head is peopled with ten different races of bugs and insects, all busily surveying the newly discovered territory, and waging war upon each other for choice of localities. Ticks are clinging, pendant from every square inch of exposed surface, and ants of as many breeds as are the dogs of our sea-coast cities, are swarming all over and under your clothing.

Pleasant finale to a half-hour's out-door afternoon nap—don't you think so?

Of Brazilian beetles, the variety is almost infinite, ranging in size from a mere speck to the formidable dimensions of three-and-a-half inches in length, with proportionate breadth and depth of body. Many of the varieties are very beautiful bugs, but they are all tropical humbugs. Put no faith in them. Every beetle of them all will bite.

Very common in several portions of the country is a great dusky, hideous, horrible looking bat, spreading a breadth of wing almost equal to that of our tame pigeons. This nocturnal vagabond affects your close personal intimacy at early dawn, almost as much as the snake which crawls into your bed does at night. He will flit up under your *poncho*, dive into your pocket, or ensconce himself in your bosom, if he but finds the opportunity. But beware his intimacy. If he but secures a lodgement, and is permitted to remain but five minutes, there will have gone forth from him myriads of atomic blue lice, who run rapidly over your whole person, their bite stinging like a scourge of nettles, and you can no more rub or brush them off than you can the white flecks that sometimes appear upon the finger nails. The only riddance from these detestable vermin is some strong acid, that burns the skin almost as cruelly as it does the lice.

Setting aside the beetle race, the bugs proper of Brazil are so numerous, that to name them distinctively were an impossibility here, and to class and describe them would require an entire encyclopedia. About one-fiftieth of them all, I suppose, are innocent enough bugs, one-tenth are beautiful fellows, as bug beauty is estimated, while the remainder are hideous, infamous land pirates.

Traverse those immense llanos of the Amazon and its thousand tributaries, or wander over those vast meadows of the Great Central Basin, where summer reigns eternal, and flowers bloom continually, and the eye becomes enchanted with the bewildering magnificence of countless millions of brilliant butterflies, everywhere flitting and glancing in the sunlight, like gorgeously spangled glories.

Varying in dimensions, from the size of an ordinary moth miller, to that of a broad winged bird, and of every conceivable shade and color, from purest white to glossy black, and millions of them most beautifully variegated, the scene is one of indescribable splendor.

Among all these butterfly wonders there is one magnificent fellow, who, I think, must be of the butterfly blood royal. Among the largest of the ephemeral beauties, his broad wings expanding fully eight inches in stretch from tip to tip, are of regal purple, and in the centre of each he bears a gilded cross, two inches in length, the golden bar being a quarter of an inch wide, while the transverse section is a triple wider, and an inch and a quarter in length. Above the head of the cross is a "glory," also in gold, and the whole design is as beautifully wrought as anything that ever artists' graver or pencil achieved.

Unfortunately for the fair fame of this royal butterfly he is a truculent, combative fellow, and bites vindictively like the sting of a hornet.

One of the most troublesome and tormenting of all the tropical pests is the *chigoe*—usually called "jiggers;" though as they abound only in sandy territories, they are far less common than a great many other Brazilian murderers of comfort.

The *chigoe* in his abstract existence is but an insignificant atom—a mere point. A black speck scarcely visible to the naked eye. But once attached to humanity, he soon makes his enlarged proportions seen and felt.

For a few moments the *chigoe* clings to the surface, almost always selecting the toe and finger ends, close to the side of the nail, as the scene of his depredation; then he thrusts his sharp pointed head into the cuticle, and rapidly burrying himself beneath, dives into the flesh, scoops out for himself a circular cavity which in a few days his increased growth entirely fills. At this time he has the dimensions and appearance of a grain of white Indian corn boiled and hulled, and may be readily removed with the point of a knife with little pain. But if suffered to remain undisturbed he soon burrows deeper, reaching the bone, he attaches himself firmly to it, lays five hundred eggs, establishes a *chigoe* colony—a passage to the surface is opened, the part becomes inflamed and painful, removal of the pestilential intruder becoming extremely painful and difficult, and amputation of the joint is frequently a necessity. I have seen careless negroes, and sometimes people of lighter complexion, who inhabit the sandy coast regions, and habitually go about barefoot, entirely toeless, their feet puffed up like a ball, and as full of holes as a sponge, all from their neglect to hunt out and remove the "jiggers" in season.

The pest of flies is more annoying than the *chigoe*, because more universal. Flies are everywhere, and at all seasons. No retreat is secure from their everlasting invasion. Out-doors, and in—everywhere, they swarm in countless millions. Your delicious soup is thickened with flies. Flies immolate themselves by scores in your stews and pastry sacrifice themselves in yielding butter and cups of fragrant coffee, until the surface is black with them. They float in grease, milk, or anything liquid, until they have pontooned it with their drowned carcasses.

"Bare"—everywhere, bare, are the only efficient defences to secure you from the endless, persevering intrusion of the plague of flies.

Only imagine a condition that in Brazil is too frequently a fact. You sit down to dine, and would sup a plate of your favorite savory soup, from which you have carefully skimmed its covering of self-immolated flies. Opening your mouth to imbibe a spoonful of the beverage, in rush a squad of the greedy insects, sticking, struggling to tongue and palate until the semi-scalding fluid floods them, still kicking and struggling into your stomach. In brief you literally "eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies."

Leaving in disgust the reptile and insect pests of this beautiful land, let us take a cursory survey of the practical ingenuity and general economy of domestic pork butchery among the Brazilians.

Though everywhere, throughout the empire, from the Amazon to the Rio Grande, hogs abound in profusion, and very frequently are found in capital condition, there are no hog-killing establishments to be found as in the United States, no fattening of pork for sale, and it is rarely indeed that in any of the cities or larger towns north of the Province of *San Paulo* one sees a bit of pork for sale in any of the markets.

And yet pork is extensively eaten throughout the country. In all the interior regions, every family fattens a fine hog or two for home consumption, and pork making in towns and villages is much more common than it is in this country.

Whether the Brazilero's practice of slaughter is an improvement upon the Cincinnati system or not, admits, I think, of several doubts. But certainly the ingenuity of the thing is worthy of notice, and its novelty a source of amusement to any one who sees it practised for the first time.

Usually, four stout pegs are driven securely into the ground, at distances corresponding to that of the animal's feet when something extended, both lengthwise and laterally; to these pegs the porker's feet are firmly tied with thongs of raw hide, utterly precluding the possibility of his running away, falling down, or in any manner interfering with the operations of his manifold murderers.

Thus immovably fixed in position, the pig is subjected to a miscellaneous bleeding process. The butchers go at him *en famille*; so many as there may be, father, mother, sons, daughters, and toddling *mucha chos* scarcely taller than the pig himself, each armed with some pointed instrument, and a vessel of some sort to the secure the blood; and simultaneously they fall to stabbing, prodding, and boring holes into the agonized porker, whose shrill screams are echoed by laughter and animated *vivas* from the bloody revellers, who pierce the fattened animal at every conceivable point where a drop of blood is to be obtained, and at many where there is not, until they have drained his veins of the last particle of existence, leaving him there a standing, bloodless, lifeless pig.

Once, in the beautiful little village of Villa Real, on the shore of the Paranagua Bay, early one morning, a young American friend, who was staying with me, and myself, were both aroused by the shrill screams of a martyr pig, the cries coming from the garden of our next-door neighbor, Dona Isabelita Ximenes. Our gardens joining, and being in common, my friend and myself, just in readiness to set off on a morning hunt, took the garden in our way, that I might show my North American friend the progress of "South American Civilization," as exemplified in pork killing.

There was a famous pig, staked out, as above described, and there was Dona Isabelita, and her four very pretty, dark-eyed, olive-cheeked daughters, officiating as priestesses at the porcine altar.

Dona Eulalia, the eldest daughter, provided with a bent and rusty bayonet, had secured a dribbling stream from piggie's shoulder, which she was receiving in a china vase. Zobulina had pierced the animal's flank with a pair of scissors, extorting a few straggling drops, which she was eager to secure in a great, long-handled, iron frying-pan. Angela was gouging into the poor porker's back with an old, dull, firmer chisel, eagerly seeking blood, which she would save when found in a silver soup-tureen. Little Dona Paulina was twisting vigorously, trying to worm a corkscrew into pig's ham, and had at hand a great conch shell for the reception of the sanguine fluid—provided she should find any.

And there was the obese chief priestess, Dona Isabelita, in one hand a formidable rapier—that might have seen service in the days of the Cid—with which she was vainly seeking to probe piggie's jugular.

Pausing for a brief space to admire the animated scene, we went our way, with piggie's piercing shrieks ringing in our ears until we lost them in the distance.

On our return, towards nightfall, there was weeping and lamentation in the house of Dona Isabelita Ximenez, because piggie "was not." Upon inquiry, we learned that the victim, impatient of the protracted torture, and driven to desperation, had wrenched the pegs from the ground and escaped.

Four or five days afterwards, the lost pig was discovered in a bit of oozy marsh, a mile from the village, dead, swollen, and utterly worthless.

A Prayer for Landlords.

The following prayer, applicable to the present times, is said to have been formerly used in the Primer, or book of Private Devotions, used by the Reformed Church until the accessions of Queen Mary of England:—The earth is thine, oh Lord, and all that is contained therein; notwithstanding thou hast given the possession thereof to the children of men to pass over the time of their pilgrimage in this vale of tears. We heartily pray thee to send the Holy Spirit into the hearts of them that possess the grounds, pastures, and dwelling places of the earth, that they, remembering themselves to be thy tenants, may not rack and stretch out the rents of their houses and lands, nor yet take unreasonable fines and incomes, after the manner of worldlings, but so let them show out to others, that the inhabitants thereon may be able both to pay the rent and also honestly live to nourish their family and to relieve the poor. Give thou them grace also to consider that they are but strangers and pilgrims in the world, having no dwelling place, but seeking one to come, that they, remembering the short continuance of their life, may be content with that which is sufficient, and not join house to house, nor couple land to land, to the impoverishment of others, but so behave themselves in letting out their tenement, lands and pastures, that after this life they may be received into an everlasting dwelling place, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

THE DUTY OF A MODERN LADY'S MAID.—A writer, signing herself "Abigail," writes as follows to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of London:—

"There is yet another important part of a finished lady's maid's duty, which is commonly thought to be a novelty, but it is, in fact, only a revival. She must be a competent artist in pastel painting, on (not from) the life; and a proficient in the use of cosmetics, paints, and dyes; so general is the use of rouge for the cheeks, kohl and antimony for the eyelids, pastel for the eyebrows, belladonna to drop into the eye to increase the size of the pupil, bistre to stain the eyelids, blue for veining the temples, bloom of Nimon and blanc de perle for the general skin, and various acid dyes to discharge the natural color of the hair and turn it of the fashionable 'palma vecchio' reddish yellow. Most of these beautifiers need a skillful hand to apply, and are by no means safe when employed. Yet so frequent is the use of them by ladies, young as well as old, that a finished maid is expected to know how to put them on and how to get them off again, which last is not always so easy."

☞ The Duke of Wellington once lost his temper with the pragmatical imbecility of one of his colleagues in a certain British administration, so far as to say of that vexatious personage, "He is intolerable because he is educated beyond the calibre of his brains to bear." The Duke's description fits a large class of people whom it is the tenacity of modern life to thrust into an unnatural prominence; a class so large as to have wrung from Carlyle the sardonic declaration that "all Christendom is in conspiracy for the promotion of fools."

☞ The city of New Orleans, it has been recently discovered, is built upon the most magnificent foundation on which a city ever rose. It was the boast of Venice that her marble palaces rested in the waters of the Adriatic, on piles of costly wood, which now serve to pay the debts of her degenerate sons; but our Venice has not less than three tiers of gigantic trees beneath it. They all stand upright, one upon another, with their roots spread out as they grew; and the eminent Sir Charles Lyell expresses his belief that it must have taken at least eighteen hundred years to fill up the chasm, since one tier had to rot away to a level with the bottom of the swamp before the upper could grow upon it.

☞ The statement going the rounds of the press, that President Lincoln told somebody that he was of Jewish descent, has for its origin simply this: Mr. Lincoln, talking with a Rabbi, jocularly remarked that he (Lincoln) was probably of Hebrew stock, as his father had three sons who were named Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

The Inventor of the Cotton Gin.

Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, was born in Westboro', Massachusetts. He graduated at Yale College, New Haven, in 1792. Young and adventurous, he sought the South, and arrived at the very spot (Savannah) where General Sherman recently arrived, and with much the same motive—that he would serve his country and himself best by foraging in that sunny clime. He resided in the family of Mrs. General Greene, who was his patroness. There he contrived many little inventions, and was struck with the utter want of anything to clear cotton with. The seeds were picked out by hand. The planters saw the utility of cotton, but it was likely to be a very costly product. It must be remembered that cotton was just beginning to be planted. We never exported a bale before 1790. Whitney saw the difficulty, went to work, and invented the cotton gin. But how was Whitney to make cotton gins? Savannah was the last place to manufacture anything in. But he knew a land rich in mechanical skill. So he went back to New Haven, Connecticut, and made his gins there. Then he went back to the South and began to sell them. He had a patent, of course; but who could patent the right to create wealth beyond the dreams of avarice? The machine was a simple one, and on all sides piracy commenced, and Whitney was likely to lose the fruits of his invention. He commenced suits, but the juries would give him no damages. In this state of things, South Carolina, which, with all its perversions and perversities, has some noble qualities, gave him $50,000 for that state. It was all he ever got, and most of that was lost in litigation. Tired of such a controversy, he again turned his steps to New Haven, and his inventive powers to a new subject. He invented improvements of decided value in the manufacture of fire-arms. The government recognized his services, and gave him a contract for ten thousand stand of muskets. He was for several years completing this contract, which he did in the most perfect manner. In the beginning of the war of 1812, and under the influence of Mr. Madison, he got a new contract for thirty thousand stand of arms. To fill these contracts, he built his factory at Whitneyville, two miles from New Haven. These were in the most perfect order, and he was the first man who adopted a perfect division of labor in the manufacture of arms, having each piece made separately, by different workmen, and then put together.

Made wealthy by his inventions, Eli Whitney built a spacious and handsome mansion on that beautiful "green" at New Haven, which none ever saw but to admire—within two squares of Yale College—where, a young student, his genius first plumed its wings. There, too, he was within the shadow of those lofty elms, which, when he was a student, James Hillhouse (the Senator) had planted with his own hands; hence, too, he was carried to the "new burying ground," the first cemetery in the United States, laid out with a view to ornament, and that was devised by James Hillhouse. There lies Eli Whitney, with many another whose genius and whose works have adorned the annals of the country.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Magnesium Light in the Pyramids.

Professor C. P. Smyth says, writing from the East Tomb, Great Pyramid:—"The magnesium wire light is something astounding in its power of illuminating difficult places. With any number of wax candles which we have yet taken into either the King's Chamber or the Grand Gallery, the impression left on the mind is merely seeing the candles and whatever is very close to them, so that you have small idea whether you are in a palace or a cottage; but burn a triple strand of magnesium wire, and in a moment you see the whole apartment, and appreciate the grandeur of its size and the beauty of its proportions. This effect, so admirably complete, too, as it is, and perfect in its way, probably results from the extraordinary intensity of the light, apart from its useful photographic property, for, side by side with the magnesium light, the wax candle flame looked not much brighter than the red granite of the walls of the room. * * * Whatever can be reached by hand is chipped and hammered, and fractured to a frightful degree; and this maltreatment by modern man, combined with the natural wear and tear of some of the softer stones under so huge a pressure as they are exposed to, and for so long duration, has made the measuring of what is excessively tedious and difficult, and the concluding what was, in some cases, rather ambiguous."

☞ A statement of the issues of the seven-thirty bonds is now circulating through the newspapers, whose inaccuracies we are requested to correct. Congress in July, 1864, authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow four hundred millions in such form as he deemed best. Of this amount, $100,000,000 was issued as 10-40s, $70,000,000 as 5,20s, and the balance, $230,000,000, as 7-30s. On the 3d of March, 1865, Congress authorized a further loan of six hundred millions. Seventy millions of this was taken and added to the $230,000,000 of seven-thirties issued under the act of July, 1864.

☞ An unsophisticated countryman, the other day, coming to Washington, saw a military officer, followed at a respectful distance by two orderlies, in full gallop. "Good gracious!" said he, "haven't they caught him yet? I was in about three weeks ago, and they was a runnin' after him then."

☞ At the Northwestern Sanitary Fair, soon to be held in Chicago, a dressing case, sent from Europe, will be on exhibition, to be presented to the prettiest girl in Chicago. The competition will assuredly be a lively one.

☞ Mrs. E. T. Porter Beach, author of Pelayo, a poem of the Moorish times, has received from the Queen of Spain a gift of a massive gold bracelet, adorned with a crown of diamonds, a large pearl, and a superb oriental topax, bearing the cipher of the Queen. It was accompanied by a letter acknowledging her pleasure at the receipt of the poem.

☞ The rebel ex-Governor Extra Billy Smith took flight from Richmond on horseback, when that city was evacuated, and, while riding up the tow-path of the James river canal, his horse baulked, tumbled, and plunged into the water, with Smith under him. For a few moments it seemed as if Extra Billy had found his last ditch, but he finally escaped to the tow-path, wet, bruised, exhausted, and minus his hat.

☞ The "old maid," one of the immense red wood trees in the famous grove in Calaveras county, California, fell down not long ago. It was 325 feet in length, and 35 in diameter at the foot.

LATEST NEWS.

CAPTURE OF JEFF. DAVIS.

He Attempts to Escape in Feminine Disguise.

Jeff. Davis and his staff were captured by Col. Pritchard, with a detachment of the 4th Michigan Cavalry, on the 10th, at Irwinsville, in Irwin county, Georgia, seventy-five miles south-east of Macon. It appears that the 4th Michigan and 1st Wisconsin collided, which cost us two men killed, and five wounded. The firing alarmed Davis, and he hastily put on one of his wife's dresses and made for the woods. Some of his cavalrymen discovered men's boots on the supposed female, and so Jeff was captured. He drew out a bowie knife and showed fight, but a few revolvers presented to him soon settled that point. Davis's family and Postmaster Regan were also taken. Mrs. Davis remarked to Colonel Harden, after the excitement was over, that the men had better not provoke the President, or he might hurt some of 'em.

The court-martial engaged in the trial of the parties implicated in the assassination plot agreed on Saturday that the proceedings should be published.

The Army of the Potomac has all arrived in the defences south of the Potomac, and Gen. Meade has established his headquarters at Fort Albany.

Demonstrations of sympathy for the death of President Lincoln continue throughout England.

☞ The order for mustering out the Pennsylvania troops shortly to arrive in the state has been fixed as follows:—Those organized in the eastern portion of the state will be paid and mustered out at Philadelphia; those organized in the centre at Harrisburg, and those organized in the western portion of the state at Pittsburg.

☞ Three men and a woman have been arrested for wilful defacement of the tombstones and gravestones in Woburn (Conn.) Cemetery. The pecuniary damage they have done is said to amount to $15,000.

☞ A gentleman talking to another on the subject of marriage, made the following observation: "I first saw my wife in a storm; carried her to a ball in a storm; courted her in a storm; was published to her in a storm; married her in a storm; lived in a storm all her life; but, thank heaven, I buried her in pleasant weather."

☞ There is a Methodist preacher out west whose praise is thus sounded by a contemporary:—"I have repeatedly heard the most famous men in America, but there are times when the flame of his pathos licks the everlasting hills with a roar that moves your soul to depths fathomed by few other men."

☞ Mystery magnifies danger, as the fog the sun; the hand that unnerved Belshazzar derived its most horrifying influence from the want of a body; and death itself is not formidable in what we know of it, but in what we do not.

☞ The Evening Post, Tribune, Herald, Times, Journal of Commerce, Commercial Advertiser, World, and News, of New York, all contain articles disapproving of the trial of the conspirators by a secret military court. A civil court, with open sessions, is almost universally approved by the press and the public.

☞ The work of retrenchment is being pushed forward rapidly. All volunteer cavalrymen whose terms expire before October 31st, and all infantry soldiers in Grant's or Sherman's armies, whose terms expire before May 31st, are to be mustered out at once. Cavalry regiments are to be disbanded and paid off at the places where they were raised.

☞ The surrender of Dick Taylor's rebel army, on May 4, is confirmed by official news from General Canby. He surrendered at Citronelle, Mississippi, a short distance northwest of Mobile.

☞ An old hunter of South-Western Texas, who had long had a pet panther of great size and ferocity, was recently attacked in his cabin by Indians. He let them gain the lower part of the house, and then let the panther loose among them, he being safely perched upon the chamber floor, through the crevices of which he could fire upon his foes, and watch the progress of events. But after the first howl and spring of the panther no Indians remained except three killed by the brute, and one shot by the old hunter. The rest disappeared, probably never to return.

☞ If a person's right hand itches, it is a sign that he will soon scratch it. The same applies also to the left.

☞ CHEAP LIGHT.—A London lamp manufacturer claims to have invented a lamp which will burn magnesium wire. By burning a strip of zinc in conjunction with two strips of magnesium, he is able to reduce the cost of the light two-thirds. He predicts that in the course of time it will be possible to illuminate a street a mile long at the rate of a half-penny an hour. The people who are paying three or four dollars a thousand for gas will like to see Mr. Grant's prediction speedily realized.

☞ Byron clearly spoke of our cavalry hero when he said:

Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding SHERIDAN.

☞ Homer makes the following allusion to Ulysses S. Grant:

Ye gods! what wonders has *Ulysses* wrought,
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield,
Great in the council, glorious in the field!
Generous he rises in the state's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of insolence,
Such just examples on offenders shown,
Sedition silence, and assert the throne.

☞ The commercial travellers in England, have now seized upon photography, and pressed it into their service. On one side of a card is the usual notice about "our Mr. ——— will have the pleasure of calling upon you, etc.," and, on the other, the photographic *fac-simile* of Mr. himself, samples in hand. The idea might be advantageously carried out as regards collectors of accounts, so as to prevent the wrong "parties" calling for the tradesmen's little bills.

☞ It is stated in California papers that neither gold, silver, copper or any other mineral of value which has been found in that state, was discovered by a scientific geologist, though many of them had travelled over the ground where they were afterwards obtained. Neither have scientific men ever been useful in discovering large deposits of these articles.

IN THE SUNSHINE.

It was spring-time, but not the early spring;
April had wept her blue eyes clear again,
And happy children tumbled in the grass,
And little fingers formed a daisy chain,
In whose slight fetters willing captives lay;
While older children watched the pretty play
With smiling toleration in their eyes,
Who played the same game last year—now too wise!

The scentless later violets grew by scores,
Untouched, no hand had cared to gather them;
Wild hyacinths were bluer than the skies,
The wind-flower danced upon its slender stem,
A foot above the ground the young corn stood;
And over all was poured a golden flood
Of warm May sunshine—in its radiant light
The whole world seemed transfigured to the sight.

Beneath a chestnut, pelted by the shower
Of milk-white blossom, with a gentle breeze
Shook lightly from the branches, over-ripe,
I lay in perfect ecstacy of ease.
I heard the plaintive cawing of the rook,
The pleasant murmur of the rippling brook;
I heard the swallow's oft-repeated call,
And bursts of childish laughter over all.

With eyes half closed, and empty idle hands
That plucked at grass and flowers aimlessly
I watched the flickering shadow of the leaves
Waving like fans upon the chestnut tree.
It mattered nothing to me, as I lay,
That Love was gone, and Hope had flown away,
That Life had lost its sweetness and its grace—
I only felt the sunshine in my face.

A little child came softly to my side,
With buttercups and daisies in its hand;
Half shy, half bold, it dropped them on my breast—
An infant's scheme most innocently planned.
This done, it turned, and shouting gleefully,
With tiny hurrying feet fled hastily:
I never heeded it, but lay at rest,
The sunshine and the flowers upon my breast.

I felt the sunshine in my very heart.
Was yesterday so clouded and so sad,
And would to-morrow be like this, or that?
What mattered it? And yet I was not glad.
I only knew the sun shone overhead;
I only knew that underneath was spread
A perfumed carpet of the soft green grass,
On which I lay, and let the moments pass.

I saw, and saw not; heard, and did not hear;
But conscious only that a blessed ease
For this one hour took precedence of pain,
I felt the sunshine, and I was at peace.
I had no thought of past or future years;
I did not vex myself with hopes or fears;
My half-dropped lids hid neither smiles nor tears.
I scarce had found a rest more calm and deep
In that still place where one day I shall sleep.

A. M.

THE WRECK OF ST. PAULS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HUGH MAXWELL, U. S. N.

My avocation is that of a shipwright, and in the yard where I am engaged there is much hauling out and repairing of old vessels done. I am rather an old-fashioned fellow, and as I live too far away from my work to admit of my going home to dinner, I carry my basket containing that meal with me, and as soon as I have despatched my midday meal, I have a habit of peering about under and around any old craft we may chance to have in hand, pondering and speculating upon the vicissitudes, storms and accidents she may have been subjected to during her nautical life.

One day, recently, while lying at full length on my back, under the bottom of an old brigantine, whose early years had been passed in the South American trade, I observed on her bottom, and directly over where I lay, a plank less worn than was the planking generally. An examination of the plank discovered to me the fact that it was of the bright yellow Brazilian wood called *epie*, much used in that country for ship-building purposes, but unknown in the United States. I had just settled the character of the plank by chipping it lightly with an adze, and sat there looking up at it, and wondering what might have been the nature of the accident that made that plank of foreign wood the companion of our native oak, when my speculations were suddenly terminated by some one addressing me from a point just outside the ways:

"Wondering where that plank came from, and why it was put there, are you, Mr. Carpenter?"

I looked out from under the bottom, and saw standing there a bronzed, fine looking man, aged, I should judge, about fifty, and who, though clad in conventional broadcloth, had about him an air of salt-water easily enough recognizable by an old sailor.

"No, sir; I was not wondering where the plank came from, for I have worked many a one out of that wood, in the country where it grew. But I was wondering how it happened to be needed there."

"Well, sir, I can tell you all about it, for I was a sailor on board the brigantine at the time. I heard but yesterday that the old craft was hauled out here for repairs, and I have come in from the country, a matter of twelve miles, just to have one more look at that same plank."

The old tar came under the bottom, sat down on a block of wood, and for several minutes gazed up at the strip of Brazilian wood in silence, and seemingly with intense interest. Suddenly he turned towards me and remarked:

"That plank, sir, reminds me that the circumstance which made it a necessity there, also made the fortune of the man who was chief mate of the brigantine at that time, and my own too, I may say. It has been in there these twenty years, and yet you see it looks new compared with the others. It's but a short splice of a yarn, and if you care to hear it, I'll haul it off to you before the bell rings."

"I shall be delighted to hear it."

"Well—you see the vessel was somewhere about a four-year old craft at the time, and we were outward bound, from Boston to Rio, with a general cargo of flour, hams, butter, codfish, &c. The N. E. trades had scented us all the way from about 14 degrees, up to the variables, and so we fell to leeward of the usual line crossing, in spite of all we could do. The equatorial current caught us strong, and unhorsed us away down to the west and until we sighted St. Pauls. I reckon you know where St. Pauls is, Mr. Carpenter?"

"Yes—a low, barren cluster of coral rocks just above water, in about 3 deg. 20 min. north, and 37 deg. 18 min. west longitude. I've been all about them twice, when we couldn't help it."

"Exactly. You see nobody ever sights St. Pauls if they can help it; but now and then some unlucky craft brings up on 'em, and never comes off again.

"Well—it was just in the gray of the morning, when our chief mate, Mr. Farley, got a sight of the rocks. We were heading up S. S. W. with a four-knot breeze at S. E., and the rocks were dead to leeward of us, six miles or such a matter, and a two-and-a-half knot current setting us right square down onto them. In about fifteen minutes after we first sighted the rocks, Mr. Farley, through his glass, discovered a white signal flying, and a great many people on the main rock. Down he went into the cabin to inform the captain of his discovery, and while we stood wondering who those people were, how they come there, and what the 'old man' would do about it, he came on deck. After a long, steady look at the shipwrecked people and their signal of distress, the captain turned to the mate and very coolly observed:

"'We'll go in stays, Mr. Farley. We can never clear those confounded rocks on this tack.'

"Mr. Farley stood still, and stared at the captain as though he had not heard a word of the order.

"'Did you hear me, sir? We'll go in stays, I say, and stand off on the other tack.'

"'And those people on the rocks yonder, Captain Felton?'

"'Will have to remain on the rocks for all I see. There's a circle of coral reefs running entirely around the rocks, so that we cannot get in to them; and if we could, I should not break my insurance by running in among them breakers. Besides we are short of both provisions and water for ourselves. Haint got nothing to spare to strangers.'

"'My God! Captain Felton, will you leave these unfortunate people to perish there on that rock—to die in agonies of starvation and tortures of thirst?'

"'I shall most certainly leave those people where they are,' replied our heartless captain, as coolly as if he had been discussing a bill of lading.

"'Then, by the *living God!* I will not, sir. The brigantine shall go to the relief of those people, and in, through, or over those reefs, or pound her bottom out in the attempt.'

"'What! What's that you say, sir? Do you intend open mutiny against my authority?'

"'Yes! In the cause of common humanity I disobey you, and assume command of this vessel myself.'

"'Go below, sir, this instant! You are put off duty. Go below, I say; or, by Heaven, I'll have you put in double irons.'

"Captain Felton went striding about the deck, purple with rage; but the young officer didn't budge an inch.

"'Mr. Riper! Ho! Mr. Riper I say! Bring a pair of handcuffs here, and clap them on this mutinous rascal,' the furious captain fairly yelled.

"Up came Mr. Riper, our second mate, a big, burly bully of a Swede, whom everybody but the captain detested. He approached Mr. Farley, and began unscrewing one of the iron ruffles. But the big Swede made a grand mistake in his reckoning that time; for as soon as he got within reach, the chief mate let fly at him his starboard flipper, taking him square between the eyes, a blow that knocked him clean off his pins, driving his bull head, like a battering-ram, slap into the 'old man's' stomach, shutting him up like a jack-knife, and sending them both to the deck in a pile. Mr. Farley gathered up the handcuffs, which Riper had lost hold of in his downfall, and called to us forecastle chaps to come aft.

"'Here, my men—a couple of you put these ornaments on that fellow's wrists. Mason,' he said, addressing myself, 'you go aloft on the fore-to'-gallant yard, and look out for the clearest spot in that reef down yonder. The balance of you go to the weather braces and stand by to square the yards. As for you, Captain Felton, you'd better go below, taking with you your Swedish pet there. Don't attempt any interference with my orders, sir, unless you are ambitious of a suit of cold iron.'

"There was not a sailor in the vessel that would not any day have left a hand to drag the mainmast out by the heel and pitched it overboard at Mr. Farley's bidding; a fact which the captain knew quite as well as any one; and accordingly he deemed it prudent to follow the mate's advice.

"In five minutes we were off square before the wind, heading right down for the centre of the eastern reef, where from my perch aloft, I could see that the water was less broken than at any other point on that side. I could also see that there were several clear channels through the western reef; but if we were to run round to that side, we should have the breeze dead in our teeth, we could never beat her up within the reef; while our single small boat would be useless in such a sea as was running outside, and the strong current would cut us far down away from the island in spite of all we could do. So there was nothing for it, but to jam her in, through or over the eastern reef as Mr. Farley had said; and that officer, down on the deck there, knew all that, just as well as I did on the bunt of the fore-to'-gallant yard.

"In twenty minutes we were in the outer pinge of breakers, and the sea was so great that at times the little craft stood almost in end. I scanned her carefully from aloft, yelling with all my might to drive my voice down to the deck audibly amid the roar of mad breakers. The belt of coral was but a quarter of a mile in width, and we were two-thirds of the distance over it, without having touched, when she went reeling down from a vast wave and settled with a rending crash upon the sharp coral spars, with a shock that sent everything not lashed fast waltzing about decks. The following sea lifted her clear, and she shot in and over into deep water without striking again.

"The basin within the reef, was circular, about a mile across, with good anchorage all over its bottom, and the water as smooth as a mill-pond. The rocks of St. Paul were just about the centre of the basin, and passing the largest one—that on which the shipwrecked people were—keeping it close aboard, and rounding-to to leeward, we let go our anchor within a hundred fathoms of the rock, and within twenty minutes from the time our anchor went down, Mr. Farley and myself were on the rock among the ship-wrecked strangers.

"We soon learned that the unfortunate people were the officers, crew, and passengers of a Dutch East Indiaman, homeward bound from Sumatra. The ship had touched at Rio for supplies, and sailing thence, she had got nearly up to the equator, when the wind scanted her. Then it baffled, and fell stark calm, and in spite of everything that could be done to save her, she was caught by the strong current, and drifted on the dangerous reefs surrounding St. Pauls, where within forty-eight hours of the catastrophe, she was entirely broken up and disappeared.

"A considerable quantity of water and provisions had been saved from the wreck, and also many of the light sails and smaller spars, from which sufficient shelter had been constructed to protect nearly all the unfortunates from the fierce rays of a blazing tropical sun.

"There were some eighty passengers—among them over thirty women and children; which with the officers and crew of the ship, made up a total of a hundred and twenty-five human beings huddled together there on that bare, desolate, tropical rock, affording no drop of water, nothing eatable—not a single green leaf. With so many mouths to supply with food and water, the stock of both was rapidly diminishing notwithstanding they had all been for ten days on short allowance; and upon our arrival, which was the twenty-eighth of their imprisonment, there were but two days of food rations, and one day's supply of water remaining. Their boats had all been stove and destroyed before the ship broke up, and there was no prospect of any other fate than perishing miserably there, on that barren coral rock by starvation and thirst.

"One may imagine something of their gratitude; but no one can ever realize it all, unless he has been at some time rescued from a similar impending fate.

"Among the passengers was an Amsterdam merchant named Prins—a man of immense wealth, a perfect gentleman in manner, and possessed of sterling educational attainments. He was accompanied by his daughter named, Arline, the most perfectly beautiful woman I ever saw, and also by a little dark-eyed Dutch Bantamese niece, named Therese Van Vliet; in her beauty almost as bewitching as her cousin Arline. Mr. Prins was on his way home from a visit to his brother-in-law, a merchant of Bantam, and Miss Van Vliet was accompanying the merchant and her cousin, for the purpose of spending a year in Holland. The Amsterdam merchant was deeply grateful, and philosophised the sentiment in this manner:—

"'Now, gentlemen, we are collectively just as much indebted to these generous men who have ventured their own lives to save ours, as we should be individually, if any one of us had happened to have been left here alone, and rescued in like manner. I trust we are all duly grateful, and those who can afford to do so, will express their gratitude in something more substantial than words. As for myself, I—but promises are a commodity I do not deal largely in—however we shall see.'

"Mr. Farley and myself both protested that we had done no more than our plain duty; nevertheless we could not repress the thousand warm expressions of gratitude bestowed from every quarter, any more than we could the modest, grateful glances and gracious smiles of Miss Arline Prins and her little Bantam cousin.

"'Are you the captain of the brigantine yonder?' inquired Mr. Prins of Mr. Farley.

"'No, sir, I am her chief mate. The captain is a prisoner in his own cabin for refusing to run down to your relief. The second mate I have put in irons for taking sides with the captain.'

"Mr. Farley then briefly related the particulars of the morning's difficulty, and when he had concluded, the praises and expressions of gratitude were multiplied four fold.

"It was soon ascertained that the brigantine could be warped right in to the rock without the least danger, and within two hours after we got her alongside, we had every shipwrecked soul with whatever valuable effects they had saved from the wreck, snug on board our vessel, and she standing boldly out from St. Pauls Harbor by a clear channel through the western reef.

"I was appointed chief mate *pro tem* by Mr. Farley, who had no idea of surrendering the command of the craft to Captain Felton, until she was safe in port. We had the port of Surinam directly under our lee, with a fair wind and favorable current, and as it would have been utter folly to have attempted to beat her up round Cape St. Roque against wind and current, we kept her jib-boom pointed to the westward, packed studdingsails on her slow and aloft, and drove her through it at her best speed.

"Our cabin was unusually roomy for a vessel of her size, and was entirely given up to the women and children whom it accommodated with tolerable comfort, while the men bivouacked on deck as best they could.

"Our stock of water was scanty, but frequent showers afforded the needed supply, while of provisions there was an abundance in our hold, and under the circumstances we paid little regard to battened hatches or sea-sacredness of cargo. Beef, pork, fish, flour, hams and butter were roused out on deck, and converted into palatable food by dint of keeping the cook's big stove at a high pressure heat night and day without intermission.

"Long before we reached port, Captain Felton had abandoned the idea of having Mr Farley and all hands arrested for mutiny and sent home for trial, as at first he had threatened to do; and begged so abjectly that we would never mention the subject while in port, that out of pity for the old rascal we gave the required promise. Some of us probably kept our word, but somehow the whole truth got out, and home to the United States in the course of time; and Captain Felton never got command of another vessel.

"On the evening of the fourth day we arrived at Surinam, and before night on the following one each one of our forecastle tars, and Black Ben, our cook, jingled in canvas bags a thousand dollars in Brazilian gold as a solid expression of the Hollander's gratitude. Mr. Farley and myself having persistently refused all pecuniary compensation, a council was called among the solid Amsterdamers, and the result of the conference was that we were literally compelled to accept a proposition to accompany the gentlemen home to Holland. Our acceptance was perhaps the more readily obtained by the inducements held out in the shape of a captain's berth on board a first-class East Indiaman for Mr. Farley, and the position of first officer in the same ship for myself. Then there were the encouraging glances of a couple of pair of bright eyes, with just a faint glimmer of success in that direction.

"So we accompanied our patrons to Holland, where we remained inmates of Mr. Prins's mansion, and to all intents members of his family, during a period of six months, in which the ship which Farley was to command was being finished.

"It was not so very singular, that when we sailed from the Hague, just eight months after our setting foot in Holland, that Captain Walter Farley after having assisted Arline down the cabin stairs and shown her into a gorgeously appointed state-room, should have said:

"'There—my dear wife; I think you will be very comfortable here.'

"It was a trifle strange, however, that Therese Van Vliet, who had come out for a year's visit, should have abbreviated it by four months. That inconsistency may be explained, however, by the circumstance that within ten days after our arrival at Bantam, there was a wedding at Mynheer Van Vliet's, in which Therese, and the chief officer of the ship Frau Arline, were the principal actors.

"I remained nine years in the service of Prins & Van Vliet, and then the latter dying left almost his entire property to his daughter, who being anxious to settle in the United States, we came hither, and are living very comfortably about twelve miles from here, out in the country." That's the yarn about that plank, sir, which they had to put in there in the place of the one stove in on the coral reef.

Violets.

Spoke full well in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.
—*Longfellow.*

Unlike their celestial sisters, very few of these earthly stars are left to shine, unknown and unnamed. The royal rose, the pure, vestal lily, the gorgeous tulip, which form in part the aristocracy of flowerdom, all receive their meed of praise from the beauty-loving poets; but the flower-democracy alone, the starry-eyed daisy, the pale sudden primrose, the honest buff-faced dandelion, the fragrant, shrinking violet, possess the power to draw forth the sweetest words of love and praise, warm from the heart of the poet. It would be difficult to find a poet who has not written in praise of violets.

Shakespeare speaks of

"Violets, dim, but sweeter than the lids
Of Juno's eyes, or fair Cytherea's breath."

Byron, whose true poet-heart flashes like a precious gem through all his gloom and misanthropy, says:

"The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eye,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems colored by its sky."

The gifted L. E. L. exclaims:

"I do love violets;
They open with the earliest breath of Spring,
Lead a sweet life of perfume, dew and light,
And if they perish, perish with a sigh,
Delicious as that life!"

Barry Cornwall says:

"She comes, the first, the fairest thing
The heaven upon the earth doth fling
Ere Winter's star has set;
She dwells behind her leafy screen,
And gives as angels give, unseen;
So love the violet."

Wordsworth speaks of

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

James F. Clark says as truthfully as beautifully:

"Some plants in gardens only found,
Are raised with pains and care,
God scatters violets all around,
They blossom everywhere."

Hannah Gould sings:

"Violets, violets, sparkling with dew,
Down in the meadow-land wild where you grew,
How did you come by the beautiful blue,
With which your soft petals unfold?"

James Barker exclaims in his "Red Riding Hood:" "Methinks I could live ever on a bank of violets, or die most happy there."

Bryant speaks of "The violet, in its soft May dress."

Whittier says:

"Out from its screened and sheltered nooks,
The blue eye of the violet looks."

We will close with the words of N. P. Willis: "There is a daintiness about these early flowers that touches me like poetry. They blow with such a simple loveliness among the common herbs of pasture, and breathe out their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts whose beatings are too gentle for the world."

THE DIET OF THE FRENCH WORKMAN.—He is up at dawn. In fact, everybody rises early in France. There is more business done before 10 o'clock in Paris than there is in London before 11. There are two places where breakfast may be had—the *cremerie* and the soup shop. Some excellent coffee, with milk, costs less than one and a quarter pence, and the bread, with butter, one penny. For dinner the soup will cost one and a half pence; the plate of meat two pence; half a bottle of wholesome wine, four pence, or a quarter of a bottle, two pence, or a pint of beer or milk, two pence, and all of really good quality. In many places they give soup, a piece of mutton, or *beef a la mode*, bread, and half a bottle of wine for sixty centimes, or about eleven cents of our money.

AMERICANISMS.—The words *creek*, meaning a small river, *dipper*, meaning a ladle, *pail* and *pitcher*, are all Americanisms. In England they say "a bucket of water," not "a pail of water;" instead of "a pitcher of water," they make use of "a jug of water." Throughout Europe, except among the lower classes, water is brought on the table in decanters. They are regarded as not so liable to admit dust as "jugs or pitchers," and as possessing the advantages of enabling a person to see whether the water in them is clean. Though not altogether *apropos*, let us here state that an Englishman never says "what time is it?" but always employs the query, "What o'clock is it?"

DESERTED.

The river flowed with the light on its breast,
And the weeds went eddying by,
And the round red sun sank down in the West,
When my love's loving lips to my lips were prest,
Under the evening sky.
Now weeping alone by the river I stray,
For my love he has left me this many a day,
Left me to droop and die!

As the river flowed then, the river flows still,
In ripple and foam and spray.
On by the church, and round by the hill,
And under the sluice of the old burnt mill,
And out to the fading day;
But I love it no more, for delight grows cold,
When the song is sung, and the tale is told,
And the heart is given away!

Oh, river, run far! Oh, river, run fast!
Oh, weeds, float out to the sea!
For the sun has gone down on my beautiful past,
And the hopes that like bread on the waters I cast,
Have drifted away like thee!
So the dream it is fled, and the day it is done,
And my lips still murmur the name of one
Who will never come back to me!

Perils of Ignorance.

There is no instance on record of an ignorant man who, having good intentions, and supreme power to enforce them, has not done far more evil than good. And whenever the intentions have been very eager, and the power very extensive, the evil has been enormous. But if you can diminish the sincerity of that man, if you can mix some alloy with his motives, you will likewise diminish the evil which he works. If he is selfish as well as ignorant, it will often happen that you may play off his vice against his ignorance, and, by exciting his fears, restrain his mischief. If, however, he has no fear, if he is entirely unselfish, if his sole object is the good of others, if he pursues that object with enthusiasm, upon a large scale, and with disinterested zeal, then it is that you have no check upon him, you have no means of preventing the calamities which, in an ignorant age, an ignorant man will be sure to inflict. How entirely this is verified by experience, we may see in studying the history of religious persecution. To punish even a single man for his religious tenets, is assuredly a crime of the deepest dye; but to punish a large body of men, to persecute an entire sect, to attempt to extirpate opinions which, growing out of the state of society in which they arise, are themselves a manifestation of the marvellous and luxuriant fertility of the human mind. To do this is not only one of the most pernicious, but one of the most foolish acts that can possibly be conceived. Nevertheless, it is an undoubted fact, that an overwhelming majority of religious persecutors have been men of the purest intentions, of the most admirable and unsullied morals. It is impossible that this should be otherwise. For they are not bad-intentioned men who seek to enforce opinions which they believe to be good. Still less are they bad men, who are so regardless of temporal considerations as to employ all the resources of their power, not for their own benefit, but for the purpose of propagating a religion which they think necessary to the future happiness of mankind. Such men as these are not bad, they are only ignorant; ignorant of the consequences of their own acts. But in a moral point of view, their motives are unimpeachable. Indeed, it is the very ardor of their sincerity which warms them into persecution. It is the holy zeal by which they are fired that quickens their fanaticism into a deadly activity. If you can impress any man with an absorbing conviction of the supreme importance of some moral or religious doctrine; if you can make him believe that those who reject his doctrine are doomed to eternal perdition; if you then give that man power, and, by means of his ignorance, blind him to the ulterior consequences of his own act—he will infallibly persecute those who deny his doctrine, and the extent of his persecution will be regulated by the extent of his sincerity. Diminish the sincerity, and you will diminish the persecution; in other words, by weakening the virtue you may check the evil. This is a truth of which history furnishes such innumerable examples, that to deny it would be not only to reject the plainest and most conclusive arguments, but to refuse the concurrent testimony of every age.—*Buckle.*

A Mother's "Good-Night."

Many beautiful poems in the literature of other lands have been sought out by Mary Howitt, and re-cast in her own chaste and flowing words. The following, for little ones, is translated from a Swedish author. "It is a hymn sung by a mother to her children just before the parting 'good-night.'" Let it be repeated to your home jewels, when they patter in, shoeless and stockingless, with rosy faces and their "sleeping-gear" on, to receive the accustomed kiss. They will love to hear it, and "papa" will put his arm closer around them after it is said:—

There sitteth a dove so white and fair
All on the lily spray,
And she listeneth how to Jesus Christ
The little children pray.
Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
And to Heaven's gate hath sped,
And unto the Father in Heaven she bears
The prayers which the children have said.

And back she comes from Heaven's gate,
And brings—that dove so mild—
From the Father in Heaven who hears her speak
A blessing to every child.
Then, children, lift up a pious prayer—
It hears whatever you say,
That Heavenly dove so white and fair
All on the lily spray.

A HIGH STANDARD OF COMFORT.—The more numerous the comforts, viewed as necessaries by the great body of the people, and the farther those comforts are removed from gross sensuality, the higher the moral condition of that people, is a principle in politics without an exception. The warm house, the neat furniture, the comfortable meal, the decent clothing, the well-weeded and flower-decorated garden, the favorite singing-bird and spaniel, and the small but well-chosen collection of books, are enjoyments beyond the means of the idle, and not the choice of the tavern-haunter.

THE SWORD ON THE WALL.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

Yonder it hangs on the lonely wall—
The winds go sighing around the eaves,
And the sickly sunbeams faint and fall
Asiant its sheath through the dying leaves.
It hangs at rest all the long, long day,
And the mournful shadows fall earliest there;
Above it, a withered wreath of bay,
Below it—only a vacant chair.

The stars shine out o'er the upland pines,
On frosty meadow and foaming ford,
And their sad eyes look through the lattice vines
At the dull grey wall and that lonely sword.
It rattles, sometimes as the autumn gale
Sweeps madly over the stubble land,
And the arrowy moonlight, wan and pale,
Falls white on the hilt, like a spirit-hand.

Oh, the sun shone fair when he rode away,
And the clover blossomed along his track—
Steed and rider and sword so gay,
Went proudly out through the golden day—
Three—but the sword alone came back:—
From the rivers of bright blood, newly spilt,
From the hell of fire and the grape-shot's rain,
And the cold hand, stiffened around its hilt,
Lonely, the sword returned again!

There is rust, you see, on the shining blade
And the dinted scabbard, where blind, hot tears,
Welcomed the glittering trophy, laid
To a quiet rest for the coming years;
Ah, the shriek of the shell, and the cannon's ring
May still make music under the sun,
But the steel he loved—a listless thing,
Hangs yonder to-day, with its red work done.

So our voices sink to a whispered prayer,
As we turn to look at the dull grey wall,
And the bay, half withered, that rustles there
As the winds at the lattice rise and fall;
And the swarthy clouds of the solemn night
Pour down their torrents, leaden and grey,
While we sit and dream by the dying light
Of a grave in the trenches far away.

Sleep, gallant head, where the rank grass waves,
And the black creek sighs to its rustling reeds,
We keep, afar from that place of graves,
The green, green memory of your deeds.
Oh, the sun shone fair when he rode away,
And the clover blossomed along his track—
Steed and rider and sword so gay,
Went proudly out through the golden day—
Three—but the sword alone came back!

The Loves of Beethoven.

There is a prevalent idea that no man can be a great musician or a great poet without having been in love. As most men have a preference some time in the course of their lives, there does not appear to be any reason why these should form an exception to the rule. The question whether Beethoven was ever in love has, it seems, been warmly disputed by his biographers. Baron Ernoay seems to have set the question at rest in a recent article published in the "Revue Contemporaine," that is, so far as assertion goes, and if he has not been misled by Dr. Wegeler.

His first love, it seems, was Jeannette d'Honrath, of Cologne. This young lady is described as fair, of an affectionate character, and endearing manners. She used occasionally to come to Bonn to visit a family there to whom Beethoven was known, and this led to his forming an attachment to her. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, the young lady no sooner received the addresses of a captain in the Austrian service than she discarded her musical admirer; and yet he was not a man altogether unworthy of being regarded with favor by a lady from a merely physical point of view in his young days. He had not then the stern, unattractive expression of countenance which characterises the portraits taken of him in middle age. Seyfried, who knew him well in his youth, says he was then of the middle height, broad-shouldered, and robust—a very model of strength. Add to this that he had a keen, penetrating eye, and a lively and characteristic physiognomy, and we have the picture of a man who might reasonably expect that the course of true love would run smoothly in his case. But those who remember—and who does not?—the pathetic sonata, "Absence and Return," would be surprised rather than otherwise to hear that he had escaped the ordeal which has purified so many geniuses—that of loving well, but not wisely. In point of fact, it appears that this sonata is connected with a love passage in his life, which is referred to in the following letter, written by him to Dr. Wegeler. In this letter he refers, in a very despondent tone, to the state of his hearing, which, in spite of all the remedies he had tried, was getting worse; and he was then about to seek new doctors. After describing how hard he was working, even grudging the time he was obliged to devote to sleep, to complete a work that should do him honor, he says:

"For the last two years I have lived a solitary life. I daresay I am considered a misanthrope, and yet I am not anything of the kind. A metamorphosis has been worked in me by a dear and most ravishing girl, whom I love and who loves me. I am indebted to her for many happy moments during these two years, and for the first time in my life I feel that marriage could make me perfectly happy. Unfortunately our social position is not the same * * * and in my situation I really could not marry * * * I shall have much to go through before that can be."

Some passages are evidently suppressed in this letter; but we can gather from it that his life was embittered by his malady and the obstacles which the aristocratic prejudices of the Austrians placed in the way of his marriage, for the lady on whom he had placed his affections was a countess. To this circumstance perhaps, quite as much as to any democratic convictions, may be attributed the onslaughts he uttered so frequently against social distinctions.

This passion, which seems to have been the first experienced by Beethoven after he had reached manhood, ended badly for him. The lady abruptly broke off the connection with him in order to marry a ruined count—and, to complete the measure of his humiliation, a count who was by profession a musical composer, a composer of dance music, who subsequently got a ballet of his placed on the stage at Paris, where it was overwhelmed by the condemnation of the press; and as the scene of this ballet was laid in America, one of the critics remarked that the music was not only of the new world but of the other world.

The effect of this deception on Beethoven was most disastrous: it smote him doubly hard, by wounding his pride as a man and as an artist. He uttered no complaints; but his melancholy was such that it was easy to see that he desired death rather than life. One of his greatest admirers, who felt for him the purest and warmest friendship, thought to relieve his mind by inducing him to take up his residence at a country-house belonging to her not far from Vienna. Here he wandered about the park, but instead of finding peace, he became more and more despondent. The rustling of the leaves, the notes of the birds, repeated his misfortune continually, until, as he said at a later period of his life, he began to feel that he was abandoned by God as well as by the woman he had loved so profoundly. This disappointment was near ending fatally. One evening he did not return to the house as usual, and it was supposed that he had suddenly set out for Vienna; consequently no alarm was excited by his non-appearance. Three days afterwards he was discovered by a friend, lying at the foot of a tree, in the most distant part of the park, nearly dead from want of food. The earnest solicitations of his friends induced him to abstain from any similar attempts to end his pain in this way; and it was not until many years afterwards that it became known he had ever done so. Not very long afterwards he had the opportunity of nobly avenging the deceit that had been practiced upon him. The distress of the lady he had loved became so great that she actually wrote to Beethoven to tell him of their condition, and to ask him for assistance. He did not comply with her request openly; but he played the part of the good Samaritan in secret, for he got a loan of five hundred florins on the security of his future compositions, and remitted it to her by a sure hand, without suffering her to know the name of her benefactor. It was not until twenty years afterwards that Beethoven related the affair to a most intimate friend named Schindler, to whom the husband of the lady had spoken of him in very uncomplimentary terms. His magnificent compositions will render him immortal; but we can now see that honor and fame will not keep the skeleton out of a man's closet.

Choosing a Physician.

There is an Eastern story of a certain prince who had received from a fairy the faculty of not only assuming whatever appearance he thought proper, but of discerning the wandering spirits of the departed. He had long labored under a painful chronic disease, that none of the court physicians, ordinary or extraordinary, could relieve; and he resolved to wander about the streets of his capital until he could find some one, regular or irregular, who could alleviate his sufferings. For this purpose he donned the garb and appearance of a dervish. As he was passing through one of the principal streets, he was surprised to see it so thronged with ghosts that, had they been still inhabitants of their former earthly tenements, they must have obstructed the thoroughfare. But what was his amazement and dismay when he saw that they were all grouped with anxious looks round the door of his royal father's physician, haunting, no doubt, the man to whom they attributed their untimely doom. Shocked with the sight, he hurried to another part of the city, where resided another physician of the court, holding the second rank in fashionable estimation. Alas! his gateway was also surrounded with reproachful departed patients. Thunderstruck at such a discovery, and returning thanks to the prophet that he was still in being, despite the practice of these great men, he resolved to submit all the other renowned practitioners to a similar visit; and he was grieved to find that the scale of ghosts kept pace with the scale of their medical rank. Heart-broken, and despairing of a cure, he was slowly sauntering back to the palace, when, in an obscure street, and on the door of a humble dwelling, he read a doctor's name. One single poor solitary ghost, leaning his despondent cheek upon his fleshless hand, was seated on the doctor's steps. "Alas!" exclaimed the prince, "it is, then, too true that humble merit withers in the shade, while ostentatious ignorance inhabits golden mansions. This poor neglected doctor, who has but one unlucky case to lament, is then the only man in whom I can place confidence." He rapped; the door was opened by the doctor himself, a venerable old man, not rich enough, perhaps, to keep a domestic to answer his unfrequent calls. His white locks and flowing beard added to the confidence which his situation had inspired. The elated youth then related at full length all his complicated ailments, and the still more complicated treatment to which he had in vain been submitted. The sapient physician was not illiberal enough to say that the prince's attendants had all been in error, since all mankind may err; but his sarcastic smile, the curl of his lips, and the dubious shake of his hoary head, most eloquently told the anxious patient that he considered his former physicians as an ignorant, murderous set of upstarts, only fit to depopulate a community. With a triumphant look he promised a cure, and gave his overjoyed patient a much-valued prescription, which he carefully confided to his bosom; after which he expressed his gratitude by pouring upon the doctor's table a purse of golden sequins, which made the old man's blinking eyes shine as brightly as the coin he beheld in wondrous delight. His joy gave suppleness to his rigid spine, and after bowing the prince out in the most obsequious manner, he ventured to ask him one humble question: "By what good luck, by what kind planet, had he been recommended to seek his advice?" The prince naturally asked for the reason of so strange a question; to which the worthy doctor replied, with eyes brimful with tears of gratitude:—"Oh, sir, because I considered myself the most unfortunate man in Bagdad until this happy moment; for I have been settled in this noble and wealthy city for the last fifteen years and have only been able to obtain one single patient." "Ah!" cried the prince in despair, "then it must be that poor, solitary, unhappy looking ghost that is now sitting on your steps!"

☞ "Confoundedly *long winded*!" said a man when his hat blew off, and led him a chase of a hundred rods to recover it.

☞ Three dollars spent for this journal is better than twenty spent in useless adornments.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

KATE IMPROVES.

After that sojourn at the Lowndes shooting-box, John Galton and his wife returned to the Grange, and had a very quiet time there together for some four or five months. As these were winter months, it was really very dull; even Miss Sarah could not feel much surprise at Kate finding it so. John Galton had a habit of going off several miles to the coast, and lurking about in holes in the marshes through cold winter nights with a long duck-gun, a brace of big dogs, half Irish spaniel half retriever, and one of those rough beings only to be found on the coast, who are partly sailor, partly fisherman, and partly on the loose look-out for a night on the marshes with any gentleman fond of wild-duck shooting and a position for many hours in a damp hole in the mud.

John Galton was a thorough sportsman, and as yet he had never had his ardor damped by ever so slight a touch of rheumatism. A mallard would repay him for any number of hours' waiting, and a brace of snipes for any amount of wet. But Kate was very dull while he was away—so dull that she came at last to feel that there must have been something after all in this companionship which she missed.

At one period she took, as a sort of forlorn hope, to being very intimate with Miss Sarah. She would saunter down to Miss Sarah's cottage in the morning with little Katie and some cream or new eggs; and she would be made to repent having taken either of the latter, usually through a habit Miss Sarah had of accepting them with a grim allusion to the time when such goods from the Grange were hers of right in a measure, the time "before John married." "Well, John is married now, you see," Kate would reply as good-humoredly as she could, "and still you get the eggs and cream, so you've nothing to complain of." Upon which Miss Galton would put her sister-in-law and her sister-in-law's good intentions to flight, by asking, sharply:

"Have I ever 'complained?' Don't I bear *poverty*, and *obscurity*, and *obloquy* and scorn in silence, ow—a!" when Miss Sarah's lamentation's reached this point there was nothing for it but flight, and Mrs. John Galton would be driven back to the desolate Grange, where the very watch-dogs hung their tails despondently because their master was absent.

But Kate's visits were surely, though slowly, working upon the one to whom they were paid. The particles of real kindness that were in them might be infinitesimal, but the dose was constantly repeated, and so told at last, and met with its due reward. "John, I really think your wife is improving," Miss Sarah said to her brother on more than one occasion, "her conduct is much more like that of a respectable married woman than it used to be,"—which meagre praise of the woman who was, despite her faults and follies, so unspeakably dear to him, John Galton had to accept and even to appear grateful for.

At length there came a break in the monotony which had hung over all things for so long a time. As a candid and honest historian, I cannot say that the break was one wit more acceptable to any one of them than the monotony had been.

John Galton had departed one biting winter's afternoon with his duck-gun and dogs for a night on the sands, leaving Kate rather more resigned to her approaching solitude than usual: she had just received a fine relay of new books. "Don't forget that we have to dine at that place to-morrow, John," his wife said to him as he was getting up into the trap; "that place" being the rectory, and to-morrow being the day of the first feast given within its walls by their new rector.

"No, I won't," he replied; "I shall be back by twelve o'clock to-morrow; if you have nothing better to do, come along the road to meet me, will you?"

She promised him that she would do so, and then he drove off, and she went back to the cosiest corner of her drawing-room, and turned over the new books pleasing uncertainty as to which of them she should first fall upon and devour.

The one she finally decided upon was that novel of Mr. David Linley's, which he had been compelled to go up to his publisher about while she was staying at Lowndes and she began to read it with that pleasant clearness of vision for its faults and shortcomings which we are all apt to be endowed with while reading the work of an acquaintance. It is so nice to pick out errors of taste and grammar, and violations of the unities and propriety in the printed words of one whom we know. So Kate read away happily, and reviewed as she read far more severely than any of the literary journals had done.

She had the prospect of a long afternoon of uninterrupted bodily ease and mental relaxation before her. Instead of a dinner she had (after the manner of women when they are left to themselves) ordered tea at six. "Tea and something nice," she had said to John; and John, when giving the order to cook in the kitchen, had added,—"which means that she'll trouble us for something else 'nice' at ten, interfering with one's supper-time."

John Galton had been gone an hour; it was now four, and so much of the wintry sky as she could see from her corner of the couch near the fire began to look dark. "He'll have a terrible night of it, poor old fellow!" she thought. "It *is* plucky though to go through so much hardship and find it all sport; *he'd* never do it." She brought her hand down on the open page before her as she thought this of Linley. "He'd never do it; after all he was right, though he did not mean me to think him so, when he said that the man who could do all such things was not so far behind the one who could only write about them."

Little Katie was stretched out on the rug before the fire with a Punch scrap-book and a tiny terrier puppy, and one or two other antidotes to dullness around and about her. The child had had more of her mother's companionship lately, and she seemed to love it so much, that Kate unconsciously granted more and more of it daily to the innocent courtier. This latter was supremely happy just now, for she had been promised the exquisite bliss of having "tea with mamma;" moreover, the terrier puppy had been her "very own" but for two short hours. It was dreary dull winter without, but in this room there was warmth and comfort, of so perfect an order that Kate's ardent prayer that she might have no interruption had been quite natural.

Before settling down thoroughly she had run over a list of possible callers, and she had given herself a good and sufficient reason, after naming each one, for that one not coming this day. "The Reynolds have a child with the scarlet fever, so she'd never come near *my* child, and Mrs. Sparks wouldn't be unfeeling enough to leave her husband now he has sprained his ankle; Mrs. Williamson never calls when she *knows* it's getting time for her to have another dinner-party, stingy old thing; and as for the Caldwells, dense as she is, she must surely know that I shall have quite enough of her to-morrow dining there." Then she thought favorably of one or two more acquaintances, who always got neuralgia if they came out in an easterly wind, and she blessed the wind for coming from the east this day, and went on with her book luxuriously.

Suddenly, in the midst of a chapter, the writing of which had made David Linley's hard old head ache even, he had so elaborated the intricacies of the situation in which everybody was plunged in it—suddenly, in the midst of this, there fell upon her ear the knell of parting peace, the sound of the hall-door bell, and the next minute Miss Sarah Galton came into the room.

She was not a pleasing interruption, undoubtedly. Even had she not been the interrupted lady's sister-in-law she could not have been deemed a pleasing interruption. As it was, Kate, watching her as she came forward in ungainly cloth-buttoned boots, and barge-like goloshes, felt her to be unbearable.

The guise in which Miss Sarah Gordon adventured forth in wintry weather was comfortable, she asserted, but certainly it was not becoming. The sad-colored bonnet, which "came well forward," as she phrased it, might be forgiven—indeed, it had a distinctly marked purpose about it, and so far was estimable; it had been built to come well-forward, and it came well-forward, covering Miss Galton's ears from the cold blast, and saving those organs from many an ache. But the petticoat and dress, that were short enough to be hideous from every point of view, and long enough to catch up and carry all extraneous matter in the shape of mud that might be in her path, were not things to be tolerantly looked upon.

"Such a walk as I have had," Miss Galton began breathlessly, sitting down opposite to Kate; "I thought I should never have got here: I tried the fields, and my goloshes were sucked off my feet several times."

"How very uncomfortable for you," Mrs. John Galton replied. She was marvelling much why Miss Galton had come at all, and why, of all ways, by the field-path.

"How very uncomfortable for you," Kate said drowsily. Then she resigned herself, put her book down with a sigh, and added:

"You must stay to tea with me, Sarah. John is gone off for some duck-shooting, so I dined early with Katie, and ordered a heavy tea; you'll stay, won't you?"

Miss Galton looked sour. Heavy teas, any number of them and of any weight, could be here in her own house. She had come up to her brother's to-day intending to have a good generous dinner at seven, and to see if the plate was in good order, and whether John's wife had a decent cook or not. She had another motive besides the anticipated dinner in coming, but the dinner had been a powerful one. So now, when Kate offered her the paltry substitute of a heavy tea, she looked grim, and replied:

"I *suppose* you're surprised to see me."

"Oh, no! I am not," Kate answered, though a little surprise might have been forgiven her, since Miss Galton had not been to the Grange for several months. "Oh, no! I am not: I am glad to see you now you are come; go up to my room, and take your things off: you'll find a fire there. Katie, go with your aunt."

Miss Galton looked more grim on the instant. "A fire in her bed-room, and coals such a price," she thought. Nevertheless she resolved to go up, and take off her boots by that fire in preference to going into a more inexpensively arranged chamber.

"Of course you wonder to see me," Miss Galton persisted. "I will tell you—dear, dear, how this wind affects my breath—what brought me: partly I was down in the village, and I thought I would just pass by the end of the station, and ask Mrs. Banham if she could let me have half a pint of cream on Friday night, for I have asked the Caldwells to tea, and while I can get it anyway, I will not ask the clergyman I sit under to drink his tea without cream." Having said this with much severity, Miss Galton paused to gain breath, and mark whether or not Kate was withered.

But Kate was not withered by any means. Eventually she knew that the cream for Mrs. Caldwell's tea would go down to Miss Galton from her (Kate's) own dairy. She knew this, and was right willing that it should be so, and she knew that Miss Galton knew it also. So she declined to be withered, and only said:

"Oh! indeed; and then?"

"Then, after I had heard from Mrs. Benham that Friday was just the very day of all that she would have the greatest difficulty, the *greatest difficulty*, in obliging me, I went on to the platform; I thought I would just go—just go on and see the three-o'clock train come in."

Miss Galton made another pause from lack of breath, and Kate suggested:

"Hadn't you better go up, and take off your bonnet and wet boots?"

"In one minute, if you'll listen," Miss Galton replied severely. "Catherine, do keep that nasty dog away from me; of *all* the playthings *in* the world to *give* a child, a filthy dog is the worst."

"He's a dear little, clean beauty, and he has only just left his mother," Katie the younger argued indignantly. She mentioned the latter fact as if it were something meritorious, something that redounded to puppy's credit vastly. Indeed, in a vague and undefined way, she held that his having "only just left his mother" was puppy's chiefest trait. Others he might develope in time, but at present he had done nothing else worthy of record.

"Perhaps you had better take puppy up into the nursery to tea, Katie," Mrs. Galton suggested.

"Oh, mamma! you promised I should stay here, and give him some cream out of my own saucer."

"Cream for dogs!" Miss Galton ejaculated. "Do you know, little miss, that your poor aunty only allows herself cream sometimes as a treat for her own tea."

"Oh! that's nonsense," Katie rejoined emphatically. The plaint was intended to be very touching, but Katie looked at the respective parties, and was touched in the wrong direction. She was but a child! The puppy was so very pretty, and the poor old aunty was so very plain.

"Don't let me be the cause of my brother's child being banished, pray," Miss Sarah said with some asperity.

"Very well; she shall stay here, since you don't mind her," Mrs. Galton replied. "I wish you'd go and take your things off, though; you would be so much more comfortable."

Mrs. Galton gave utterance to the wish as heartily as she could under the circumstances. She was not the sort of woman who takes a pride and pleasure in putting her own inclinations entirely out of court, but she did it on this occasion with a tolerable grace.

"Yes, I'll go," Miss Galton said, rising up, and marching in her muddy goloshes straight over a white Astracan rug; "but, as I was saying, when I got on to the platform, I stayed there, speaking now to one and now to another, as one *does*, you know, Kate."

"Yes," Kate assented, knowing well the while that she never did anything of the kind.

"And so I stayed there till the train passed—that is, it didn't pass as usual, it stopped, and one of the most extraordinary women I ever saw in my life got out."

"Ah, indeed!" Kate replied, seeing her sister-in-law waited for her to say something.

"Yes, one of the most extraordinary—I may say, *the* most extraordinary; she had about a dozen yards of rich silk trailing behind her; and though she is quite old, quite old enough, at all events, to have known better, she had a little round cap of fur on her head that would suit that child."

"Who can she be?" Kate said, carelessly.

"That's what I wondered," Miss Galton snapped out; "when she had got herself and her maid, and all her boxes, (she'd about a dozen of them,) she began crying out in a cracked voice, 'could any one tell her the way to the Grange?' The Grange indeed! I told the station-man that we wanted no maniacs at the Grange, and that they had better keep her there till she was sent for, and then I thought I would come and tell you about it."

"Good gracious!" Kate exclaimed, rising up with a sickening feeling of some evil being about to crowd down upon her, "it must be my aunt, Lady Glaskill; I will send and see."

CHAPTER XL.

A TERRIBLE OLD LADY.

The Caldwells, the people with whom the John Galtons were going to dine on the following day, had not been in the parish long, but in spite of that short residence, locally they were large people.

Locally they were large, and religiously they were rigid. Mr. Caldwell had been in possession of a fair, not to say a fat, living for years before he had exchanged it for this Haversham rectorship, and additionally, he had taken the precaution to ally himself unto a wealthy wife. Therefore had all things gone smoothly with him in the flesh, and in the spirit he was as unconditionally haughty and bigoted as any member of the priesthood he adorned.

From the day of his leaving college, nearly forty years before, up to this one of his introduction into my story, the Rev. Robert Caldwell's had been uninterruptedly a country life, and he had grown big and plethoric with the importance of it. His was no very uncommon character. He was arrogant, but he was also alive to the claims those who were in a worse plight than himself had on his humanity. He was intensely imbued with the letter of his profession, but on the other hand he had no small share of the best of its spirit. He was a staunch churchman, intolerant to aught that savored of indifference to one of the smallest of his church's ordinances. He was not a bad country gentleman, having a fine taste in port wine and horse-flesh. He was willing, nay anxious, that all good should be done to all men, but he desired that it should be done through that church alone of which he was a member. Not that he ever said this in so many bold, hard words, but he set his face steadfastly against any reform which it was proposed to make without the church's aid, guidance, or management.

Withal, he was a man much revered, for his life was a blameless one. He had married a wife, and brought up children, and sent these latter out into the world in unimpeachable case. His daughters had married, and married well—their husbands, though laymen, had plump livings in their gift; and his sons were well reputed in their respective dioceses, and were serving God with fair prospect of promotion. Altogether, the Caldwells were of good repute in the land, and their claims to consideration were not to be lightly regarded, even by their chief parishioners, the greatest landowner in the parish and his wife.

When Mrs. John Galton said, in response to Miss Sarah's description of the person who was at the station making inquiries for the Grange, "It must be Aunt Glaskill," a qualm seized her heart, and dragged it down to low depths. To her husband and to Miss Sarah (who adored them,) and to herself, Kate was wont to laugh at and deride the Caldwells—to call him a narrow-minded churchman who knew nothing of the world, whose whole soul was in matters parochial, and to regard Mrs. Caldwell as a woman without an individuality, merely as "the wife" of a recognized institution, who was a dull but necessary evil.

But despite this scoffing habit of hers, their respectability had impressed itself upon her, and she acknowledged to herself that it would be too terrible to shock them by introducing such an auxiliary as Lady Glaskill, and that Lady Glaskill would probably definitely refuse to be left behind. Here, down in the country, things stood out before Mrs. Galton with clearer outlines, and in truer colors. Lady Glaskill's much-bespattered old banner would not float out bravely in this atmosphere.

The certain conviction that it was Lady Glaskill—the dread truth, that she (Kate) was about to be infested with that most volatile and incessant of old women, smote her in such a way on the first mention of the stranger at the station, that she never questioned the probability of it for an instant.

"It's Aunt Glaskill, and what shall I do with her at the Caldwells' to-morrow!" she said to herself. And then she added aloud, "I think I had better have the waggonette, and go down to the station and see."

"It's a sight that I should keep away from as long as possible, if *I* were in *your* place," Miss Sarah replied, grimly.

"But you're not in my mamma's place—

you're not a married woman," Katie replied, with a child's odiously prompt partisanship.

"Don't be pert, miss," Miss Sarah retorted with red spots on either cheek, and a gleam of angry light in her eye, as if Katie's assertion that she was "not a married woman," had been a charge of an iniquitous, or at least compromising nature. "Don't be pert, miss; I should send my little girls to bed for such speeches as that."

Now Katie was at the age when bed and all mention of it is loathed and abhorred by daylight.

"But you haven't any little girls; and you've no gentleman either, Aunt Sarah," Miss Katie retorted triumphantly, and Miss Galton felt herself thoroughly worsted in the war of words.

Kate, in utter disregard of the altercation, commenced:

"Will you excuse me? Will you mind waiting here alone, while I go—"

"On a wild goose chase," Miss Galton struck in sharply. "I must say it will be the most ridiculous thing on your part, Kate, to go up and look after some mad woman merely because you have an eccentric relative of your own. Of course, none of your friends would have the bad taste to come to your husband's—to my brother's place in such a way."

"One never knows what one's friends will have the bad taste to do," Kate replied; "it's from no—"

She stopped; she was about to say that it was from no excess of anxiety to welcome Lady Glaskill that this journey in search of her to the station should be made. But she stopped, remembering that saying as to stale fish and the inexpediency of crying it.

"Then if you are going I will say good-bye to you," Miss Sarah said sharply, as Kate rang the bell and ordered the waggonette. "I didn't come up here to sit alone."

"I will be back very soon, or—come with me?" Kate pleaded. Odd as it appeared even to herself, she felt a desire to cling to something undeniable, something tangible, and true, and respectable—something that however disagreeable it might be, could not compromise her husband now. The dread of her aunt, and of those ways of the world of which her aunt was a representative, was upon her strongly. No one could have sheltered under the wall of Lady Glaskill's reputation; it was a tottering structure, full of holes, and who knew this better than her niece?

So now that niece asked pleadingly that her disliked sister-in-law would stand by her in the meeting with the inevitable guest.

Miss Galton relaxed at the appeal, and was moderately merciful.

"I don't mind going, but as for its being Lady Glaskill, that's absurd," she said. "I have always understood that your aunt was a woman of fashion and position?"

"So she is," Kate said desperately.

Lady Glaskill had been one of her highest trump cards, and she had been played with full effect for the neighborhood very often. The assertions of years may not be lightly contradicted in a moment; so now Kate said with desperation, "So she is."

"Then don't go, for this old harridan is neither," Miss Galton said ruthlessly. Then for the first time Kate quailed before John's sister; Lady Glaskill was an old harridan; no one deemed her such more entirely than did her affectionate niece.

"At any rate the drive will do us no harm; I'll have my hat and cloak on in an instant." So saying, Mrs. Galton ran from the room to prepare for the drive.

The waggonette was at the door when Mrs. Galton came down, and Miss Sarah was standing at the hall steps ready to get in. This waggonette was another of Kate's iniquities in Miss Galton's eyes, for in it Mrs. John drove a pair of wicked-looking chestnuts, and she drove them herself.

"Will you be warm enough?" Miss Galton asked as Kate came up in a black velvet bonnet and coat. Then Kate lifted up a corner of the latter, showing that it was lined with fur, and said, "Oh, yes," cheerily enough, as Miss Galton mentally appraised the cost of it.

The drive to the station was a very short one, but during it Miss Galton found occasion to shriek thrice, and to give numberless other indescribable indications of woe. The chestnuts had good mouths, and Kate had good hands. Naturally the corners were turned without any waste of space.

"I'm no coward, and I'm convinced that I shall not die before my time," Miss Galton observed to Mr. Caldwell, in relation to this drive, when he drank tea with her on Friday; "but I do say that it's tempting Providence for a woman to take the reins in her hands, and to drive like Jehu, the son of Nimshi, in the way Mrs. John Galton does."

To which Mr. Caldwell replied in general terms, that he was averse to reckless driving where he himself was concerned, but that, as regarded other people, he couldn't undertake to say; it was between themselves and their consciences.

Kate's conscience on this occasion did cause her driving to resemble that of the scriptural person afterwards alluded to by her sister-in-law. It reminded her that Lady Glaskill was her relative, and it told her distinctly that Lady Glaskill was a very unfit inmate for Haversham Grange. She remembered Lady Glaskill's sharp practices, and Lady Glaskill's double dealings, and Lady Glaskill's direful inability to discern right from wrong. She remembered Lady Glaskill's wicked old leers, and her horrible old stories, and her fearsome old jests. She remembered Lady Glaskill as a ghastly old occupant of a tawdry, hardly won and held booth in Vanity Fair; and she trembled at the thought of meeting her at the station when she should arrive there.

It was evident at the first glance, on reaching this station, that something unusual had happened there. Kate drew up at the little door through which you came off the road on to the platform, and one of the porters came up to her with a respectful finger to his cap, and what she instantly construed into a disrespectful grin on his face.

"Is there any one here for the Grange, Hodgson?" she asked.

"There's a lady here as says she's for the Grange," the man replied; "but, bless you,—beg pardon, mum,—she's got twelve boxes, and a little dawg with a pink wrap on, and two cages with white cats in 'em, and a maid with paint enough on her cheeks to do the station-wall up smart for a year."

Miss Galton, sitting behind in the legitimate-for-feminine-occupation part of the vehicle, laughed hysterically. Hodgson had been a gardener at the Grange in John Galton's bachelor days; but his horticultural labors there had come to an untimely end in consequence of Mrs. John having discovered, shortly after the commencement of her reign, that the reason the best roses and finest bunches of grapes did not grace her table was, that Hodgson drove a thriving trade in them on his own account. This discovery led to Hodgson's dismissal—his abrupt, not to say ignominious, dismissal; and Hodgson, being but human, never forgave the one by whom that ignominy was brought about. It was pleasant to him now, to be insolent under the veil of ignorance.

"I will go and see," Kate said, getting out of the waggonette; "at anyrate, I shall like to see the cats; you won't get out, Sarah?"

"No," Sarah said she would not get out, and then Kate walked through the little door on to the platform alone.

Mrs. Galton did not say "Be still, my heart," as she walked along with that organ thumping vehemently; nor did she cry "Oh! my prophetic soul, my aunt!" as all her fears were verified, and the vision of Lady Glaskill in the flesh dawned upon her.

In the flesh; no, scarcely that; her withered old bones were decked in nothing so congruous as flesh. She really was terrible to behold; in her trailing silken garment, in her girlishly-cut paletot, in her small turban hat bound with fur. She was terrible to behold; and Kate, her niece and former disciple, felt her to be terrible.

Lady Glaskill was standing amidst her boxes haranguing an audience composed of all the porters and idle boys about the place, when Kate entered. The dear old lady had one hand on a cage, in which a bundle of something white was crouching, and she was redeeming the time and distinguishing herself by making those ignorant natives acquainted with the manners and habits of Persian cats.

"My dear child, my precious Kate," Lady Glaskill cried effusively, ambling up to her niece as actively as her weak tottering legs would carry her. Then, before Kate could ward off the demonstration, the lean arms wound themselves round Mrs. John Galton's neck, and Mrs. John Galton was identified at once and forever in the local mind with this terrible old woman.

"I could not credit that it was you, aunt; pray come away now," Kate said quietly, as soon as she could disentangle herself from her relative's caresses; then she added, "why didn't you send up to me at once, instead of staying down amongst the people?"

Lady Glaskill turned and waggled her head at her late audience, and kissed her wizened hand to them.

"The dear creatures," she said, "I told them about my cats, and made myself at home with them at once."

"Well, I wish you hadn't," Kate said, a little coldly, as her aunt executed a little skip before passing through the door.

"Such freshness, such enthusiasm!" Lady Glaskill cried, when she had been hoisted up into the waggonette opposite to Miss Sarah. "Where are my boxes and my maid?" she continued suddenly in quite a different tone of voice.

"They shall be sent for; are you ready?"

Lady Glaskill was a very old woman. Indeed, no man now living could remember the day when she was young. She was a very old woman, and she was liable to exhaustion, especially after such feats of oratory and skipping as she had just performed on the platform. She was worn out, and weak, and old; and, now that the small excitement of making the vulgar herd believe her to be a gay, volatile, reckless, inspired young creature was over, she relapsed straightway into old-womanhood, and whimpered for her maid.

"She must come with me, Kate,"—she whined—"Hall must come with me, or I'm lost."

Which was true in one sense. No one but Hall knew exactly where to look for what there was left of Lady Glaskill amidst the millinery and paint. Hall put up the superstructure on the rotten old foundation, therefore Hall was essential for the nightly razing of the ruin that took place.

"Let her come, Kate," Miss Galton said, sharply. It was the first time Miss Galton had opened her lips since Lady Glaskill had been hoisted up into the waggonette, and now she opened them with a snap that made her ladyship start and shiver. "Let her come, Kate; and then she can keep her ladyship from tumbling out of her seat when you turn the corners."

By the time Hall came to them, Lady Glaskill had recovered herself in a measure. She had got her gold-rimmed eye-glass up, and through it she was rapturously surveying a puddle, and a couple of pigs wallowing in the same. Presently she addressed Miss Galton.

"This is all very pretty and fresh; those creatures in the foreground,"—she smiled by way of finishing her speech, and made little movements towards the pigs with her hand.

"What?" Miss Galton asked, sharply.

"Those creatures in the foreground," Lady Glaskill squeaked: but before she could get out the rest of her sentence and say how much she wished she had a pencil and paper, in order just to dash down a few of these sights as they struck her first,—before she could say this, or Miss Galton could interrupt her by declaring them to be "not creatures, but pigs,"—Kate was up on the box of the waggonette bidding them sit steady, as she was about to start.

When they reached the Grange, Lady Glaskill requested that she might be left alone in her own room with Hall for an hour; "Then you can come to me, my dear, and I'll tell you the cause of this freak of mine," she said condescendingly. To which arrangement Kate—who was sick to the heart of her aunt's customs, if not indeed of her aunt—assented.

Before the expiration of the hour, Lady Glaskill's boxes, and cats, and dog—this latter an Italian greyhound, whose constitution had been seriously undermined in his youth—had all arrived. The boxes were many, as has been seen, and they were also heavy. Their number and weight were ominous to the last degree, as was Miss Galton's dark glance at them, when she at length went up stairs to remove the unbecoming bonnet.

"Between these two, what a night I shall have!" Kate thought to herself, as she stood with her hands clasped before the fire; "and I had intended being so cozy and happy; oh, dear! Aunt Glaskill sits upon my chest like a gnawing anxiety; what can have brought her?"

Soon after this the hour expired, and as Mrs. Galton went along to the interview she prayed heartily that a freak might carry those boxes and their owner away from her habitation without delay.

Lady Glaskill was seated on a low chair before a Psyche when her niece came into her room; a fire was burning brightly in the grate, and there was an odor as of strong coffee and hot toast in the apartment. These creature comforts had done much to restore Lady Glaskill. She was no longer the rickety old woman, ready to whimper and to whine, of the waggonette. She was a gorgeous being, strong in the strength that emanates from Bond Street—bedight in those special gems which render one beautiful for ever.

Lady Glaskill was seated before the glass, and this is what she saw. A slim form with skirts of apple green moire antique, with fair shoulders rising very much out of the bodice, with golden hair rippling down in masses over a white brow and blooming cheeks; a figure with airs of grace and beauty, and, above all, youth that was passing pleasant to look upon. This was what Lady Glaskill saw.

But Kate saw something widely different. A decrepid old woman dressed like a girl, with hard, bony, unwomanly shoulders, displayed in a hard, bold, unwomanly manner; with the ghastly pallor of her withered cheeks brought into hideous relief by the rose-tints from the rouge-pot, and the golden sheen of the false glittering hair. This was what Kate saw, and her vision was the clearer of the two.

"I'm quite myself again now," Lady Glaskill said as Kate came on into the room.

"It's a pity you took all this trouble to dress to-night, aunt; I am alone, and I dined early," Mrs. Galton said, sitting down on a chair by the side of the dressing-table. Then she marked for the first time that Lady Glaskill seemed much aged, much shaken, since their last meeting in town, and her heart softened a little towards her unwelcome guest.

"You may go now, Hall," Lady Glaskill said when Hall had clasped a broad bracelet round one bony brown wrist; and as Hall went out of the room, Lady Glaskill, by a skillful backward movement, propelled herself out of the blaze of the lights on the table and said,

"My dear Kate, I have been infamously treated,—infamously; it has nearly killed me."

"What has happened, aunt?" Do what she would, Mrs. Galton could not succeed in infusing the least warmth into her inquiry, or even the least interest.

"Why, some men—some impertinent tradesmen," Lady Glaskill commenced, shaking her head vehemently, "sent me in bills that I must have paid over and over again, and as my funds were low, having had heavy pulls upon them, I naturally refused to pay them; when what do the insolent creatures do," Lady Glaskill continued, "but threaten to seize my things. However, Hall was invaluable: we managed to pack them all up, and get them away to her sister's (a most excellent person, the widow of a dissenting minister) in the night. In the morning I sent round the key of the house to the landlord with my compliments, got my few worldly goods together, and came off to one who, well I know—" Lady Glaskill choked herself at this juncture, and embraced her niece.

"But this is terrible," Mrs. Galton said, as soon as surprise and Lady Glaskill's lean arms would allow her to speak. And, indeed, it was terrible,—very terrible,—this possibility that Lady Glaskill, who had come to the Grange in her distress, might elect to remain there in her distress.

"But this is terrible!"

"It might have been worse," Lady Glaskill said philosophically. She was a merry-hearted old sinner. She was quite ready to rest and be thankful in this haven into which fortune's gales had blown her. "It might have been that I should have been left without a thing," Lady Glaskill proceeded animatedly; "as it is, I have left nothing behind me but the key of the house, which, not being there any longer, I don't want. It's all for the best, I believe; I remembered how solitary you were, and I came down to you."

"Thank you, aunt," Mrs. Galton replied dryly.

"Don't mention it, my dear. Who's that woman in a poke bonnet and short petticoats?"

"My husband's sister."

"Ah! odd a woman at her time of life shouldn't know how to dress herself. Well, my dear, I like this room very much; with this, and the dressing-room and the room beyond, Hall and I shall do very well, and not incommode you, I trust. How pleased your rough diamond of a husband will be to see me, won't he?"

"I don't know," Kate replied vaguely. She was thinking "Should she ever be such an old woman as this one before her," and was shuddering to the bottom of her soul at the possibility. Then, as Lady Glaskill rose to her feet and pushed the golden locks back from her powdered brow with her trembling fingers, Kate vowed that never another grain of gold-dust should defile her hair. As she looked, Lady Glaskill's head began to shake at its image in the glass, for in fact her ladyship was slightly palsied now; but the gallant old worldling laughed merrily and explained—

"That she always had been so full of life and motion."

It was not a pleasant evening that which Mrs. Galton passed by her own fireside. It was her earnest desire, above all things, now to keep the peace; and between the two women, her guests, she had rather a hard time of it. It was her earnest desire to keep the peace now; war, declared and decided, might be inevitable; but until it did break out, there should be no unseemly brawling within her husband's walls. That at least she owed him, and that tribute she would pay. As she glanced from one to the other that night, Miss Sarah's austerity and unpleasantness were less patent to her than usual; but she felt a sick sinking within her whenever her glance fell upon her aunt: for that aged whited sepulchre was a very good representative of the gang to which she (Kate) had ardently desired to belong.

It cooled all such ardor now to look upon Lady Glaskill. She was a terrible specimen of that to which a worldly, weak, vain, incorrigibly vain woman may come. She was an animate bundle of falsity. There was nothing reverend about her old age; she was a pretentious old stucco sham. Kate recoiled from her,—from her, and from that of which she was a type,—as she sat and believed in herself over the fire.

Shall I tell of that which was unesmented and put to bed at night? Of the miserable old palsied frame, surmounted by the shaking head which was crowned by just a few stiff bristling hairs? Shall I tell of the rounded proportions, and of that which "formed the waist" coming away? Of the shedding of the golden tresses, and of the pearly teeth? Shall I tell of the snarls at the maid, of the snarls tempered by servility, for Hall was her "best friend," she told herself? In asking I have told, however; so I will leave Lady Glaskill to her rest, and end my chapter. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Napoleon Treated an Artist.

About this time David painted for the English Marquis of Douglas a standing portrait of Napoleon, of the size of life. He was accustomed to paint the imperial features without requiring Napoleon's personal attendance. The emperor, therefore, knew nothing of this portrait, until it was brought, one day, to the Tuileries for his inspection. It represented his majesty in his cabinet, as he had risen from his desk, after a night spent in writing, a circumstance indicated by candles burning in their sockets. Those who had seen it, considered it, as far as the features were concerned, the most perfect resemblance that had yet been obtained.

Napoleon was delighted with it, and eagerly complimented David.

"Still," said he, "I think you have made my eyes rather too weary. This is wrong, for working at night does not fatigue me; on the contrary, it rests me. I am never so fresh in the morning, as when I have dispensed with sleep. Who is the portrait for? Who ordered it? It was not I, was it?"

"No, sire, it was intended for the Marquis of Douglas."

"What, David?" said the emperor, scowling, "is it to be given to an Englishman?"

"Sire, he is one of your Majesty's greatest admirers, and is, perhaps, the most sincere living appreciator of French artists."

"Next to me," replied Napoleon, tartly.

After a moment he added—

"David, I desire the portrait. I say I will give thirty thousand francs for it."

"Your Majesty, I cannot change its destination," said David, indicating, by a descriptive gesture, that he had already been paid.

"David," exclaimed Napoleon, "this portrait shall not be sent to England; do you hear? I will return your marquis his money."

"Surely your Majesty would not dishonor me," stammered the artist, at the same time noticing that the emperor, having exhausted persuasion, was preparing for active interference.

"No, certainly; but what I will not do, either, is to allow the enemies of France to possess me on canvas."

So saying, he directed a sturdy kick at the painting, and the imperial foot passed directly through it. Without a word, he quitted the apartment, leaving a wonder-stricken audience behind him. David had his picture carried back to his studio, and subsequently mended and restored it, and forwarded it to its owner. It is likely that the merit of the portrait, as a work of art and as a likeness, is now somewhat lost in the superior attractions of the patched rent, and that its value is considerably greater as a memento of his Majesty's wrath than a specimen of the skill of his artist in ordinary.—*Goodrich's Court of Napoleon.*

"Good-Bye, Old Arm."

The following, by Chaplain McCabe, shows how a man feels on giving a part of himself to the earth for the sake of his country:

In a hospital at Nashville, a short time ago, a wounded hero was lying on the amputating table, under the influence of chloroform. They cut off his strong right arm, and cast it, all bleeding, upon the pile of human limbs. They then laid him gently upon his couch. He woke from his stupor, and missed his arm. With his left arm he lifted the cloth, and there was nothing but the gory stump!

"Where's my arm?" he cried; "get my arm; I want to see it once more—my strong right arm."

They brought it to him. He took hold of the cold, clammy fingers, and looking steadfastly at the poor dead member, thus addressed it with tearful earnestness:

"Good-bye, old arm. We have been a long time together. We must part now. Good-bye, old arm. You'll never fire another carbine or swing another sabre for the Government"—and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

He then said to those standing by:

"Understand, I don't regret its loss. It has been torn from my body that not one state should be torn from this glorious Union."

He might have added:

"Some things are worthless, some others so good
That nations that buy them pay only in blood;
For FREEDOM and UNION each man owes his part,
And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart."

This is what *that* man gave. What is *your* share and mine?

Apologue.

A poor laborer in a certain village died after a long illness, and having escaped the existence, presented himself at the gate of Heaven, where he found he had been preceded by a rich man of the same locality who had just died, and having previously knocked, had just been admitted by the Apostle Peter. The laborer, who stood without, was enchanted by the ravishing sound of rejoicing and sweet music, which appeared to hail the entrance of the rich man, and having knocked in his turn, was also admitted. But what was his astonishment at finding silence where seraphic sounds had so lately been joyously uttered!

"How is this?" he demanded of Peter, "when the rich man entered I heard music and singing; is there, then, the same distinction between rich and poor in Heaven as on earth?"

"Not at all," replied the apostle; "but the poor come to Heaven *every* day, whereas, it is scarcely once in a hundred years that a rich man gains admission."

☞ Parties in California propose to introduce paper manufacturing machinery from this country into China, in order to procure supplies of paper from that country, where it is made of excellent quality from the fibres of the bamboo and mulberry trees. Its dark color is the only objection to it, but its quality and adaptation for printing purposes are said to be excellent.

☞ A short time ago the order was issued in Prussia for diplomatic documents to be written in German. We now learn that Russia has determined that diplomatic documents shall be written in Russian. The French language seems to be losing its universal character as the diplomatic language.

BURIAL ODE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle, and merciful, and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land,
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

Carbuncle.

Our readers may remember an appeal addressed to the public by a French parish priest, in order to obtain funds for the publication of a pamphlet in which an infallible remedy for carbuncle was to be revealed. This plan seems now to have been abandoned for the simpler one of publishing the remedy in one of the medical journals; for we find in the *Union Medicale* an article by Dr. Topinard, in which he describes the Dardelle secret as follows: "Prepare a round piece of linen of a sufficient size to cover the whole diseased part, and spread thereon a slight film of storax ointment, and then a layer of corrosive sublimate (bi-chloride of mercury) of the thickness of a two-franc piece. The plaster thus prepared is laid with the greatest care upon the part affected, and kept in its place with strips of sticking-plaster. After twenty-four hours this plaster may be removed, and it will then be infallibly found that the carbuncle or pustule has been destroyed. The place must now be dressed three times a day with storax ointment spread upon linen; and at every dressing the part must be fomented with a mixture of the oil of linseed, lily, camomile, and hypericum. In the course of eight or ten days the eschar falls off, and the sore is treated like a common one."

This remedy, discovered by a blacksmith of the name of Dardelle, has never been known to fail. Dr. Mise, from whom the prescription has been obtained, has used it these ten years with invariable success; and Dr. Topinard considers with reason that sublimate exercises a specific action in such cases. It is the more desirable that such a remedy should be widely circulated, since this very morning we find a new case of a man at Annouville-Vilmesnil, near Fecamp, who, having been stung by a venomous fly, neglected applying proper remedies, and the consequence is that his finger has had to be amputated to prevent gangrene. He is now doing well.

The Read Murder.

Five years ago a singular murder known as the "Read Murder" created a deal of attention in England. A little boy four years old was taken out of his bed in the room where he slept with his nurse, was murdered, and the body thrown into a sink. The family were wealthy, and consisted of Mr. Kent, his wife, the second he had married, and seven children. This little boy was the son of the second wife. The circumstances baffled the skill of the detectives. The family were all examined, but nothing could be discovered giving a clue to the crime, or the probable motive for it. Now one of the daughters, a young woman only twenty-one years of age, comes forward and accuses herself of the murder. The motive was jealousy of the attentions the little boy received from the father, the young girl, at that time only sixteen years of age, being strongly attached to an older brother by the first wife. There was the additional feeling of dislike for the second mother, and a desire to lacerate her feelings by the death of her son. Constance Kent, the guilty murderess, two years ago became a religious convert, and this influence induced her to reveal the crime so long hidden. Even with the explanation she gives it is difficult to reconcile her guilt with the circumstances of the murder. But she appears sane, self-possessed, sincere, and perfectly conscious of the position she is placed in by her self-accusation. It is one of the most curious phases of crime we have ever read.

THE WIDOW'S TESTIMONIAL.—In noticing the decorations in New York in honor of President Lincoln, the Evening Post says:

"From a window in New York hangs a crutch shrouded with crape, and inscribed with the words, 'Our loss.' Thereby hangs a tale. A woman sits at the window who has given her all to the country. No panoplied catafalque covers the remains of her husband, yet she sorrows with the emblem most expressive of her loss. She gave him up for her country's sake, and he lies on Gettysburg's bloody field. With a leg gone he was slowly moving about, when he was stricken down again. Our late President, visiting the hospitals, saw his death struggles and heard his last words: 'Good-bye, Carrie; meet me in heaven.' The President's heart was opened. He stopped a moment, and wrote a letter of consolation to the 'Widow of John Dinsmore,' to be sent with fifty dollars from his own purse. The widow has a sacred right to mourn such a loss."

☞ A tulip tree, or yellow poplar, measuring thirty-three feet in circumference, was cut down on the farm of Rev. E. C. Schenck, of Monmouth county, New Jersey, on the 11th ult. It took several days to cut it down, and it was felled because it had become dangerous. The Red Bank Standard says that it was decidedly the largest tree in Monmouth county, and probably the largest of the species in the country.

☞ A housemaid the other night slipped from a chair on which she was temporarily standing, and fell headforemost into a barrel of flour. To show the effect of mental agony, we will state that her hair became white in less than a single night.

☞ As a rule of conversation with sensible women, do not imagine that you must keep your lady talk and gentleman talk in separate budgets, labeled and sorted, unless you want the girls to laugh at your wishy-washy sentimentalism. Talk to them in a frank, manly style, as you would to an intelligent gentleman. Don't suppose, because they are women, they don't know anything.

☞ Great talkers are like cracked pitchers; everything runs out of them.

☞ ACTION OF MINERAL WATERS.—Visitors to Harrogate, Moffat, or any other spa, will perhaps be glad to read the conclusions concerning the action of mineral waters on the human body, which have been arrived at by M. Scoutetten, and by him communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. From these it appears that all spa waters excite an electric current when in contact with the animal tissues, the current varying in intensity according to the nature of the water. A feeble current may be produced even by river water; but mineral waters proper give rise to currents some of which are so powerful as to deflect the needle of the galvanometer from 80 to 90 degrees. These currents are said to traverse the body, and produce a medicinal effect; but we have no information as to the special mode in which the effect is produced, nor in what it differs from that of electric currents generated by other means. M. Scoutetten has, however, made a very large number of experiments, and considers that his conclusions are demonstrated; and in communicating them to the acute savans of the French Academy, he shows that he is not afraid of criticism.

☞ A musical festival of German singers is to take place at Dresden next summer. No fewer than 16,000 are already announced, of whom 8,000 will come from Saxony, and 3,500 from Prussia. It is thought that 24,000 in all will attend.

JARED'S "EMAIL DE PARIS" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most sensitive and retiring lady may use the exquisite "Email" without hesitancy. L'Email is especially endorsed by Mlle. Vestvali, Lucille Western, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists, Perfumers and Ladies' Hair Dressers. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & REDR, Philada., Pa. mar11-3m

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Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for
CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.
Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 168 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $1; two, $5; twelve, $24. feb25-eow10t

COX'S TONIC ELIXIR.
All the ladies use Cox's Tonic Elixir, and declare that nothing is so strengthening and invigorating after the fatigues of a warm day as that sovereign preparation. They place it side by side on the toilet-table with the "Email de Paris," and say that if the one beautifies the complexion, the other imparts a vivacity and freshness to the physical system altogether indispensable. Cox's Tonic Elixir can be had of SAMUEL C. HART, Druggist and Chemist, 96 South Second street, below Market.

SCURVY AND SCROFULOUS ERUPTIONS will soon cover the bodies of those brave men who are fighting their country's battles. Night air, bad food, and drenching rains will make sad havoc with the strongest, therefore let every man supply himself with HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. It is a certain cure for every kind of skin disease. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 63 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market continues dull. Sales comprise about 7000 bbls, mostly extra and extra family, at $7.75@8.25 for the former and $8@9.25 ₩ bbl for the latter, $10@11 for fancy lots and $6.50@7.25 for superfine. Rye Flour is selling at $5.75@6 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal—Pennsylvania is held at $5.75 and Brandywine at $6.25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly; sales of 30,000 bus Wheat at $2@1.80 for reds, and white at $2.30@2.40. Rye is dull at $1. Corn—Sales of 35,000 bus are reported at $1.30@1.10 for yellow, and $1.02@1 for white. Oats—about 35,000 bus have been disposed of at 75@80c.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing in bbld Meats. Sales at $27@29 for Mess Pork, and $19@22 for Mess Beef, the latter for extra Western. Beef Hams are worth $25@27 ₩ bbl. Bacon moves off at 12@13c for Hams—the latter for fancy bagged—and 17@18c for Shoulders. Green Meats are selling in a small way at 13@15c for pickled Hams, and 13@16½c for salt Shoulders. Lard is quiet at 19@19½c; no kegs here. Butter is selling at 15@25c for packed, and 28@35c for roll; new Goshen is worth 40@44c ₩ lb. Cheese; new sells at 18@21c ₩ lb. Eggs are dull at 25@30c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been excited and rather higher. Sales comprise about 600 bales, in lots, at 50@55c for middling quality.

BARK is held at $30 for 1st No. 1 Quercitron.

BEESWAX is quoted at 50@53c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is unsettled and very dull, and prices at Richmond rule at $6@7 ₩ ton on board.

FEATHERS are selling at 60c for good western.

FRUIT—The demand is very light, and prices unsettled and nearly nominal for both Dried Apples and Peaches.

HAY is limited at $30@31 ₩ ton.

HOPS continue dull at 40@50c for first sort eastern and western.

IRON—There is little or no demand for Pig Metal, and the sales are confined to a few small lots, mostly at $40@41 for Foundry.

LUMBER—The market is firm. White Pine ranges at $30@32; Yellow Sap $25@27; Lehigh Hemlock boards $18; and Raft Lumber $16@16 50 ₩ M.

OILS—For Petroleum the demand is more active. We quote crude at 35@36c, refined in bond $1.52@54c, and free oil at 72@73c.

PLASTER—Soft sells at $5 ₩ ton.

RICE—sales of 300 pkgs Rangoon at 10¼@10¾c ₩ lb.

SEEDS are quiet; there is very little Clover or Timothy offering or selling. We quote the former at $12@14, and the latter at $4@4½ ₩ bus. Flaxseed ranges at $2 50@2 55 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are dull. N E Rum sells at $2.35@2.40. Whiskey sells as wanted at $2.12@2 14.

TALLOW—Sales of rendered at 10@10½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market is quiet but firm, the sales are confined to small lots within the range of 65@75c for low mixed and fine fleece, including unwashed at 45@46c; pulled Merino at 65c, and tub at 60@63c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1100 head. The prices realized from $12 to 17.00 ₩ 100 lbs for 250 Hogs at from $12.50 to 15.00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 10 to 11 cts ₩ lb. 175 Cows brought from $30 to 50 ₩ head.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. C. Robinson, WILLIAM E. TUCHTON to Miss MARY A. WILSON, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. MAX COHEN to Miss MAGGIE BALDY, both of this city.

On the 3d of April, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. CHARLES STEER to Miss MAGGIE ROSENBERG, both of this city.

On the 26th of April, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. HARRY KUCHEN to Miss SALLIE SPEAR, both of this city.

On the 13th of April, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM HINKLE to Miss EMMA FRYBURG, both of this city.

On the 6th of May, 1865, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. THOMAS McGARRIGLE to Miss MARTHA NOAH, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., Rev. ADOLPH SPAETH, of Philad., to MARIA D. DUNCAN, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, MRS. SARAH W. RINGLER, in her 75th year.

On the 8th instant, JACOB M. DOUGLASS, Jr., in his 31st year.

On the 9th instant, SARAH CHARDON, in her 80th year.

On the 7th instant, SAMUEL WILSON, in his 69th year.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM SHAW, in his 55th year.

On the 6th instant, WILLIAM BAKER, in his 29th year.

On the 6th instant, Mr. SAMUEL BROOKE, in his 69th year.

On the 6th instant, FREDERICK E., son of Thomas Brown, in his 34th year.

On the 5th instant, JOHN PERRY, in his 80th year.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. REBECCA FOWLER, in her 59th year.

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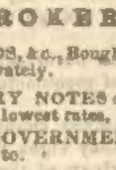
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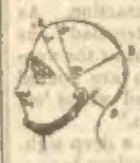
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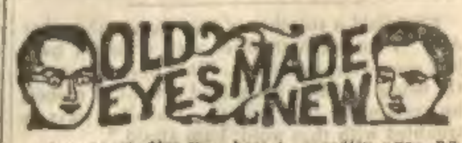

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Preparing in Time.

A young lady of wealthy parentage, a fledgling from one of our fashionable boarding-schools, a type of modern elegance, was recently united by the silken tie of matrimony to a gem of a beau. The mammas and papas on both sides being surrounded by all the concomitants of luxury, and many an agreeable little paraphernalia bespeaking the possession of the "dust," determined to get a "fine establishment" for the young couple, and, accordingly, they were "fixed" in a mansion on Walnut street.

A few days after this, a school-companion of our heroine called upon her, and was surprised to find so many servants about the house.

"Why, Mary," said she, "what in the name of sense have you so many people about you for?"

"Oh!" replied madam, "we haven't any more than we want. There is but one cook, one chamber-maid, two house-girls, one housekeeper, and—a—child's nurse. I'm sure there are not too many."

"Ha! ha!" laughed her friend, "what do you want with a child's nurse? Oh! that is too funny."

"Well, we haven't any immediate use for her, but then, when we were married, Charles said we would want one, and you know it's not always best to leave things until the last moment!"

How to Open Oysters.—"Talking of opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why, nothing's easier, if you only know how."

"And how's how?" inquired Straight.

"Scotch snuff," answered old Hurricane, very sententiously. "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it over so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off."

"I know a genius," observed Mr. Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico; sometimes it's a legend of his love; sometimes a marvellous stock transaction. As he proceeds, the 'natives' get interested; one by one they gape with astonishment at the wonderful and direful whoppers which are poured forth, and as they gape, my friend whips 'em out, peppers 'em, and swallows 'em."

"That'll do," said Straight, with a deep sigh. "I wish we had a dozen of the bivalves here—they'd open easy."

Not so Good.—A young gentleman was paying special attention to a young lady, and one day a little girl, about five years old, slipped in and began a conversation with him: "I can always tell," said she, "when you are coming to our house." "You can!" he replied; "and how do you tell it?" "Why, when you are going to be here, sister begins to sing and get good; and she gives me cake and anything I want, and she sings so sweetly—when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while; then I would have a nice time. But when you go off sister is not so good. She gets mad, and when I ask her for anything, she slaps and bangs me about." This was a poser to the young gentleman. "Fools and children tell the truth," quoth he; and taking his hat he left and returned no more.

The Silver Question.—Eloquence has not entirely died out. The following is given as a verbatim report in the Illinois House:—"Mr. Speaker—I think sheep is paramount to dogs, and our laws hadn't oughter be so that dogs can commit ravages on sheep. Mr. Speaker, I represent sheep on this floor. [Laughter, and cries of 'That's so.'] Up where I live, sheep is more account than dogs, and although you may tell me that dogs is useful, still I say, on the other hand, sheep is usefuller; and show me the men that represent dogs on this floor, and that thinks dogs is more important than sheep, and I will show you a man that is tantamount to know nothing. Mr. Speaker, I am through."

Needless Advice.—Blogge got quite sick the other day, and had to summon a doctor. The medico pooh-poohed his ailment, and said, cunningly:—"Take more exercise, friend Blogge; use dumb-bells, throw out your chest, and you'll soon be rid of those pains." The patient stopped in his halting gait across the apartment, and turned to the doctor. "Oh, the landlord will attend to all that. He threatened yesterday that if a certain little account were not paid, he'd throw out my chest without ceremony. So you see I am spared that trouble." The doctor took his hat, and left suddenly. He has been heard to say since, that he considered it useless to send a bill.

☞ Dey may rail against wimmin as much as dey like, dey can't set me up against dem. I hab always in my life found dem fust in lub—fust in a quarrel—fust in de dance—de fust in de ice cream saloon—and de fust, best, and last in de sick room. What would we poor debbles do widout dem? Let us be born as little, as ugly, and as helpless as you please, and a woman's arms am open to recieb us. She it am who gibs us our fust doses ob castor ile, and puts close upon our helpless naked limbs, and cubbers up our foots and toses in long flannel petticoats, and it am she who, as we grow up, fills our dinner baskets with apples as we starts to skool, and licks us when we tears our trowsers.

☞ At a large dinner-party in a certain city, lately, the frosty weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump, happy-looking married lady made a remark about cold feet. "Surely," said a lady opposite, "Mrs. ——, you are not troubled with cold feet?" Amidst an awful pause, she naively answered, "Yes, indeed, I am much troubled—but then they are not my own."

☞ Said a searcher of the papers the other day, "I am much troubled with a word I have just seen—impecuniosity. What does it mean?" On being told that it signified a want of money, he exclaimed: "Is that it? I shall always be troubled with that word, I am afraid."

☞ "What's the matter this morning, Tom?" "Caught a cold, that's all." "Yes, I saw you after one last night, with your coat off; I thought you'd catch it."

☞ A lady once remarked of a certain D. D., "that she had done him injustice in thinking he had but *two* sermons, when in fact he had *three*."

GROSS FLATTERY.

Emily.—"Give me a bit of orange, Cecil!"
Cecil.—"Oh, ah! I dare say! after you've called me a pig!"
Emily.—"Ah! but I meant a *pretty* pig."

How to Distinguish Good from Bad Calico.

The cost of a yard of calico is a matter of considerable importance to the consumer who studies economy; but unfortunately there are those who, in wishing to practice frugality, deceive themselves into the idea that because an article is low in price it must necessarily be cheap. The result of this is a demand upon the manufacturer for low-priced goods, and he, to keep pace with the wants of his customers, introduces into his wares, when practicable, certain preparations calculated to hide the flimsiness of the products he is thus called upon to supply.

This system of "dressing and finishing," as it is called, is practised at the present time at a greater extent than ever it was before, owing to the enormous advance in the price of cotton of late years. The commonest calicoes are "dressed" with flour, china-clay, etc., and are generally so artfully "filled" with one or other preparations as to be very deceptive to the inexperienced eye.

When, however, such a dressed fabric comes to be washed, the "extra fine finish," as it is not unfrequently called, disappears, leaving a soft, flabby, and loosely woven texture in the hand, while the water in which it has been soaked is almost thick enough for bill-sticking purposes. The finest "makes," on the contrary, contain scarcely any powder, and should never appear any worse for a soaking in the wash-tub.

In order to ascertain to what extent a plain calico is finished, we have but to rub a small portion of the piece to be tested sharply between the finger and thumb of each hand, for this "makes the powder fly," as the Manchester men say. If it be of the commonest quality, a large quantity of "dress" will be extracted, and we shall soon see that the threads are left as far apart as those in a sieve, crossing each other unevenly, and in places going off, as it were, in tangents. Then, if we draw out a single thread and pull it asunder, it will be found to break with a snapping sound. If, on the contrary, the calico is a good one, scarcely any such dressing will come out of it on rubbing it; the threads will appear closely woven together; a single thread drawn out will rather burst than snap when pulled asunder, and the separated ends of such thread will present a fluffy appearance, while the whole piece will be firm and elastic to the touch.

Changes of Words.

In Booker's "Scripture and Prayer-book Glossary" the number of words, or senses of words, which have become obsolete since 1611 amount to 388, or nearly one-fifteenth part of the whole number of words used in the Bible. Smaller changes, changes of accent and meaning, the reception of new and the dropping of old words, we may watch as taking place under our own eyes. Rogers said that "*contemplate* is bad enough, but *balcony* makes me sick;" whereas at present no one is startled by *contemplate* instead of *contémplate*, and *bálcony* has become more usual than *balcony*. Thus *Rooms*, and *chaney*, *layloc*, and *goold* have but lately been driven from the stage by *Rome*, *china*, *lilac*, and *gold*; and some courteous gentlemen of the old school still continue to be *obleeged*, instead of been *obliged*. *Force*, in the sense of a waterfall, and *gill*, in the sense of a rocky ravine, were not used in classical English before Wordsworth. *Handbook*, though an old Anglo-Saxon word, has but lately taken the place of *manual*; and a number of words, such as *cab*, for cabriolet, *bus*, for omnibus, and even a verb, such as to *shunt*, tremble still on the boundary-line between the vulgar and the literary idioms. Though the grammatical changes that have taken place since the publication of the authorized version are yet fewer in number, still we may point out some. The termination of the third person singular in *th* is now entirely replaced by *s*. No one now says *he liveth*, but only *he lives*. Several of the irregular imperfects and participles have assumed a new form. No one now uses *he spake* and *he drave* instead of *he spoke* and *he drove*; *holpen* is replaced by *helped*, *holden* by *held*, *shapen* by *shaped*. The distinction between ye and you, the former being reserved for the nominative, the latter for all the other cases, is given up in modern English; and what is apparently a new grammatical form, the possessive pronoun *its* has sprung into life since the beginning of the 17th century. It never occurs in the Bible, and, though it is used three or four times by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson does not recognize it as yet in his English grammar.—*Max Muller's Science of Language.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Stable Bedding.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A great deal has been written, and many have been the discussions orally touching the uses and utility of bedding for animals, when and wherever animals are stabled. As the economy of the practice, however, has been but barely touched, perhaps a few words upon that point may not be so much time and paper quite thrown away.

Wherever an animal of any sort is kept in stable, either summer or winter, arguing for economy bedding is an important requisite. It promotes cleanliness, and, consequently, the health of animals lessens the labors of the dairyman and groom, and as an absorbent of liquid manures is an essential feature of farm economy.

One load of ordinarily saturated stable bedding, kept properly under cover after having performed its office, is worth on the average three loads of out-door barn-yard manure from which so great a portion of its fertilizing power has been drained by water or become volatilized and flown off in the atmosphere.

As a gatherer and treasurer of manurial wealth that material which we find to be the best absorbent of liquids makes the best and most economical bedding, and as the softer and more flexible the material is the more moisture it absorbs it is plainly apparent that a bed of wheat straw is preferable to one of rye; oat straw better still, and saw-dust an improvement on all these.

But as all the straws are marketable and find ready sale, and saw-dust is not generally obtainable, the best possible economy in every sense is to bed all stabled animals on forest leaves. They are not marketable for other purposes, always abundant, easily obtained, are as cleanly, and more serviceable than straw, and as the dried forest leaf will absorb and hold on to a hundred per cent. more of the liquid manures than any kind of straw, it is just twice as valuable as that material for fertilizing purposes after having performed its office in the stable.

Cosmo.

Tea Seeds.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To G. Schnee, Avoca, Wisconsin, and Others.—In the brief article upon Tea recently published in the Saturday Evening Post, the declaration that "tea seeds are easily enough procured," might as well probably have had added to it, "by such as know where and how to procure them."

Seed is certainly procurable from the Agricultural Department at Washington; but seeds are not distributed indiscriminately upon personal application. Apply to your representative in Congress, and if he does his duty his application will be promptly responded to.

Or you may have the seeds direct from China, by simply addressing a letter to the U. S. Consul at Macao, Canton or Shanghae, prepaying your letter. Any one of them will have pleasure in sending you an ounce of genuine, reliable seed, only it will require from five to six months to get your returns.

Vernet.

Economy.

When a Spaniard eats a peach or pear by the roadside, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Consequently, all over Spain, by the roadsides and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste, and is ever free. Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the weary wanderer will be blest, and bless the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good, or better, than we found it, and he is a selfish churl who basks under the shadow, and eats the fruit of trees which other hands have planted, if he will not also plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming generations.

A New Use for Old Nails.—It is stated as a new discovery that wonderful effects may be obtained by watering fruit trees and vegetables with a solution of sulphate of iron. Under this system beans will grow to nearly double the size, and will acquire a much more savory taste. The pear seems to be particularly well adapted for this treatment. Old nails thrown into water and left to rust there will impart to it all the necessary qualifications of forcing vegetation as described.

Short Sight.—In Bavaria, public attention has been called to the prevalence of short-sight, and the increase of the use of spectacles by the young. Accordingly, the authorities have instituted a crusade against certain removable causes of the evil, such as imperfect lighting by day of school-buildings, owing to the original faulty construction; the imperfect lighting of them by night through a cruel economy; the injudicious placing of the lights, or of the benches and black-board in relation to them, whereby the sight of the pupils is strained; and the use of glasses not needed or unsuitable.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have been wondering if brevity and explicitness in our cooking communications, would not serve a better purpose than the long drawn-out Carlylelisms which we are too prone to perpetrate in our household information-receipts, that in very many instances "but lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind."

I have just now been reading in a fashionable cook-book, arbitrary directions for making "Capital Corn-bread;" and am lost in a labyrinth. Here is a copy, *verbatim*.

"One pint of buttermilk, half a pint of sweet cream, a quarter of a pound of butter. Beat and add to these ingredients four eggs. Put the whole in a saucepan, and when warmed add a quarter of a pound of fine sugar, a dessert spoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of saleratus, and stir in sifted family flour until a very stiff batter is obtained. Bake one hour in a moderate oven."

Now if any one should happen to see *Corn Bread* any where in that composition, won't they please advise us?

But as I am not done with a codfish diet, as a cheap, wholesome, and possible palatable substitute for inevitable sirloins and beef steaks, I shall continue to drop in a dish of that material now and then as permitted, until I shall have exhausted *one* fish at least.

Corpus and Coax.—"What's that—codfish and corn? Whoever heard of such a compound?"

Why, I have, madam, frequently enough. I have often cooked and eaten it, and think it very good. I have known several professed codfish eaters to eat heartily of the dish and declare it delicious.

I am going to tell as plainly as I can how I prepare it, and you will see it is simple enough.

Having soaked the fish for ten or twelve hours, remove all skin, fins and bones, pick fine, and rub small parcels at a time between the hands, until the whole is like a lock of washed wool. Place the fish in a tinned or porcelain lined saucepan having a close fitting cover; take so many ears of green corn, tender, and nowise glazed, as will afford a bulk equal when cut from the cob to the fish. Having cut the grain from the cob, roll it smartly with the rolling-pin on the moulding-board until the material is reduced to a pulpy mass. Add the crushed corn to the fish, and simmer over a moderate fire one hour. Then draining off the water, turn in a pint or so of sweet, new milk, as much butter as you can afford, season to the taste with salt and pepper, and simmer as before fifteen minutes longer.

Serve hot; eat with any sauce you prefer, or without—it is good either way; and if there should happen to be any remaining, try it fried nicely brown as a griddle cake for tea, or at breakfast to-morrow morning.

Rhubarb Pudding.—During the season of the plant, rhubarb pies are common enough, but has it come to be known generally that puddings made of the material are quite equal, perhaps superior, to rhubarb pie? I think not, never having seen one at any other table than my own, frequently enough there, for we like them.

Supposing that no harm can come of publishing my mode of manufacture, I give it in its simplicity.

Select good, fair-sized rhubarb stocks; cut them into lengths, say eight inches long; remove all that is stringy of the bark, then lay out on the table a clean towel or any white cloth; place a cut of the plant at one end and roll the cloth over it. Then add another stock, and make another roll. And continue until you have rolled up a dozen rhubarb stocks, each one separated from the other by a thickness of cloth. Tie the roll tightly, and boil briskly fifteen minutes, in just water enough to cover.

Have ready a batch of dough, made up exactly as for short, light biscuit. Roll out a large sheet of the dough as thin as pie-crust, and your rhubarb being ready, place a stock of it carefully on the dough, sprinkle it liberally with fine white sugar, and roll the dough over it. Proceed thus until the stocks are all rolled in just as they were in the cloth. Then you require to have an extra coating of one thickness as an envelope, and place the roll in a wide-mouthed pudding bag, which tie; place in a steamer, and steam away as vigorously as you will for an hour and a half.

The pudding is of course to be served hot, and may be eaten with any of the ordinary sauces.

To Make French Liquid Glue Without Heat.—Break the glue in small pieces, then add vinegar, say two-thirds vinegar and one-third glue; shake it well several times during twenty-four hours, and it is fit for use, fully equal to Spalding's Glue. This is no patent, equal to any glue, and easily made. Try it!

Repelling Red Ants.—Try setting the safes, closets, etc., on new bricks; a subscriber says this proved effectual. A sponge with a little sugar sprinkled through it will attract and hold hundreds of the insects, which may be killed with hot water.

To Make Leather Waterproof and for Sore Hands.—The following receipt is the best thing ever tried; it also improves the leather, and is also the best thing for rough or sore hands, caused by binding wheat or husking corn. Take one ounce of the balsam of copaiva, and one ounce of beeswax, melt together, and apply warm; rub it in with the hand.

To Preserve Woollens From Moths.—The simplest and best way of preserving woollens through the summer from the destruction of moths, is to wrap them well up, after brushing and beating them, in cotton or linen cloths. The moths can pass neither. Two covers, well wrapped around, and secured from the air, will be sufficient. An old sheet will answer.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 21, 3, 6, 9, 13, 23, 26, 22, 29, 30, 25, is one of the United States.
My 21, 3, 24, 27, 7, 18, 10, 12, is a river in the United States.
My 1, 4, 7, 2, 19, 28, 13, is one of the United States.
My 13, 4, 14, 16, 7, 8, 14, is a city in the United States.
My 31, 4, 21, 29, 20, 8, 5, is a city in the United States.
My 7, 5, 4, 1, 17, 8, is one of the United States.
My 17, 15, 31, 7, is a river in the United States.
My whole was an act of perilous adventure in the "Great Rebellion." GAHMEW.
Tullahoma, Tenn.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An hour yet to tea-time, so come to the hall
And listen—A riddle, propounded to all.
It is—ah! *it* is spoken the very first word;
Yet to guess *it* were it, were a guess most absurd.
It is heard in the cataract, seen in the storm,
Lives always in tempests, and dies in alarm.
In the depths of the forest it delights to roam,
Yet it dwells in the kitchen of every home.
It stands forth in the text of the parson so grave,
In the crest and the helmet of warrior so brave—
On the confines of earth and the bleak mountain's side,
It goes out with the current, comes in with the tide:
It thrills in the tones of the war trumpet's blast,
And murmurs in pity when the battle is past.
Flows soft in the streamlet and gleams in the stars,
And prominent stands in the temple of Mars.
It dwells not in the world, in air, or the sea.—
Now, if you're done guessing—I pray come to tea.
MRS. M. E. KENDALL.

Continual Motion Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain ball moving in circle, made just exactly one complete revolution of the said circle in the first hour of its movement; but slackening its speed, it moved the next hour only 99-hundredths (99-100) of another revolution; and now, supposing that the same ball would thus continue to move in endless time, in the self-same circle, and continually each successive hour would slack one-hundredth part of the speed that it would have moved the hour before. How many complete revolutions in the said circle do you suppose it would ever be able to make? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Which is the best way of retaining a woman's affections? Ans.—By not returning them.

☞ Why is a young lady just from boarding-school like a building committee? Ans.—Because she is ready to receive proposals.

☞ Why ought a woman to prefer a brewer's drayman for a husband? Ans.—Because he'll always support her (sup porter.)

☞ What is the process by which twenty women, assembled in one room, can all be made equally handsome at the same moment? Ans.—Putting out the light.

☞ Why is a lover who composes a pretty sonnet to the features of his "object" like a soldier? Ans.—Because he knows how to write about face.

Answers to Last.

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA—Industry and Economy.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA—"Be careful for nothing."—Phil. iv. 6.

1. B eer-lahai-roi,	Gen. xvi. 14.
2. E phron,	Gen. xxiii. 17.
3. C himham,	2 Sam. xix. 38.
4. A gag,	1 Sam. xv. 9.
5. R echab,	2 Sam. iv. 6.
6. E nrogel,	2 Sam. xvii. 17.
7. F elix,	Acts xxiv. 27.
8. U zziah,	2 Chron. xxvi. 21.
9. L ydia,	Acts xvi. 15.
10. F ortunatus,	1 Cor. xvi. 17.
11. O phir,	1 Kings ix. 28.
12. R choboam's,	1 Kings xii. 16.
13. N aboth,	1 Kings xxi. 13.
14. O ded,	2 Chron. xxviii. 9.
15. T ahpenes,	1 Kings xi. 19.
16. H oshea,	2 Kings xvii. 4.
17. I conium,	2 Tim. iii. 11.
18. N ahshon,	Numb. vii. 12.
19. G ehazi,	2 Kings v. 25.

CHARADE — Carpet-sack, (Carpet-sack.)
CHARADE—Dolphin, (Doll-fin.)

Answer to PROBLEM by Gill Bates, published Feb. 11th:—The observation was made at 7 o'clock 46m. 17 sec. A. M., if made in N. latitude.—Morgan Stevens.

Answer to PROBLEM by D. Diefenbach, same date:—In 1 year; overrunning the debt something better than one-half cent.—D. D.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. Martin, same date:—303937, 3771468, 4887219, and 6090230.—A. M.

Morgan Stevens corrects the answer given to his Problem published Jan. 7th. The answer is 254,553 lbs.

A. Martin corrects the answer to his, same date. It is 254,553 pounds.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM, published Feb. 25th:—1, 27, 64, 125, 512.—Gill Bates, Morgan Stevens, and Jas. M. Greenwood.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's, Feb. 18th:—Length 39 feet; breadth 26 ft; height 18 ft.—Morgan Stevens and Jas. M. Greenwood.

Gill Bates's answer to his, of same, date:—47.9416. Morgan Stevens sends the same answer.

Answer to A. Martin's, same date:—35536, and 31598.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's, Feb. 25th:—$6,300, A's money; $5,760, B's money.—H. Hallenbeck, Morgan Stevens, and Jas. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Gill Bates's, same date:—12,909 inches.—Jas. M. Greenwood and M. Stevens.